

## FARMERS GATHER

### In Great Numbers At Hampton Beach

### MANY OTHERS ALSO ASSEMBLE THERE

### Agriculturists' Own Day At New Hampshire's Coney Island

### INTERESTING MORNING AND AFTERNOON PROGRAMS IN THE PAVILION

Hampton Beach is today (Wednesday) celebrating Farmers' day. Technically, the event at that resort is the twenty-first annual meeting of the state board of agriculture with East Rockingham Pomona Grange. Ever since the first meeting, however, the public has made the occasion a holiday and Farmers' day is

one of the conspicuous dates of the season at New Hampshire's Coney Island.

There is always a great crowd at the beach when the farmers gather there, but the crowd was unusually large today.

For one thing, the agriculturists are farther advanced with their work than is usual at this season. Haying is practically done and there was little to prevent the farmers taking a day off. In addition, many came for pleasure alone and not a few politicians felt it incumbent upon them to be among those present.

Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway took up his headquarters at Cutler's and has entertained all who cared to call throughout the day. That his visitors have been numerous, goes without saying.

Other distinguished guests are former Governor Nahum J. Bacheelder, Gov. John McLane and his staff. Master H. O. Hadley of the State Grange, Mortimer Whitehead of New Jersey, past lecturer of the National Grange, and Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University.

George F. Richards of Exeter, register of probate for Rockingham county, is also at the beach and is a contributor to the day's program. His readings are features of both the afternoon and evening exercises.

The celebrated Unitarian Church quartet of Portsmouth furnishes music, its selections being as follows:

Morning  
"Forget Me Not," Glese

a. "Brightly Glims the Silvery Starlight," Heyser  
b. "My Little Barque," Ford

Afternoon

"Dinah", Johns  
a. "Soft and Deep", Stewart  
b. "Too Whiff! Too Whiff!" Cellier

Soprano, Mrs. Wendell; alto, Mrs. Priest; tenor, Mr. Parker; bass, Mr. Gray; accompanist, Mr. Doolittle.

Ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon were the hours selected for the beginning of the literary exercises in the pavilion. Chairman Joseph B. Walker of the state board of agriculture delivered the opening address in the morning. Mr. Hadley discussed "The Grange in New Hampshire," and Mr. Whitehead had "The National Grange" as his subject. Former Governor Bacheelder spoke on "The State Board of Agriculture."

Gov. McLane was the principal speaker of the afternoon, his topic being "The State of New Hampshire." Prof. Bailey had an address on "The Reorganization of the Rural Schools." The exercises were most interesting.

### WILL TRY OUT TUB AGAIN

The Franklin Pierce veteran firemen will work out the tub again this (Wednesday) evening. It is about time to give us some idea of just what the old tub can do.

## LETTERS PASSED

### Between Mr. Blake and Senator Gallinger

### STATE POLITICS SUBJECT OF MISSIVES

### Gentlemen Fail To Agree On Several Propositions

### INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE HAS BEEN MADE PUBLIC

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger and Rev. Edgar Blake of Manchester have been writing letters to each other. Here is one missive addressed by the reverend gentleman to the senator:

Hon. J. H. Gallinger,  
Washington, D. C.  
My Dear Senator:—

You are reported as saying relative to the present political situation in New Hampshire, "Damn the ministers and the cranks. They can't run the Republican party. We propose to nominate Greenleaf and we are going to do it."

Both the form and the substance of this saying seem incredible. You have received too well at the hands of the moral forces of the state to speak disrespectfully of them at this time.

Your sense of political propriety is such, I believe, as to cause you to refrain from assuming that the Republican party is the property of a few leaders, and not the instrument for the expression of the will of all its members, the humblest as well as the greatest. That no injustice may be done you, will you be kind enough to state if there is any foundation for the saying reported as coming from you.

With sincere regards for your distinguished position, I remain,  
Most sincerely yours,  
EDGAR BLAKE.

Manchester, N. H., May 29, 1906.

Senator Gallinger answered as follows:

My Dear Mr. Blake:—

I think I was never more surprised in my life than when I read the first paragraph of your letter of the 31st ultimo. When I was a lad my mother taught me that profanity was a vulgar and mean thing, and while I have since then mingled with all sorts and conditions of people, whatever else my shortcomings have been I have not found it necessary to resort to profanity to express my views. I did not say what you say "as having been reported to you." Your informant, whoever he may be, is a contemptible falsifier and slanderer.

I frankly confess that I regret the attitude you and other good men have taken in New Hampshire on political questions. I have known Col. Greenleaf for forty years, and I have always found him to be an honorable, high minded and courteous gentleman—a man who, to my personal knowledge, has never used intoxicating liquors, and who is helpful in many directions that tend to the betterment of the people. I know that you will reply that he, as proprietor of the Profile House, allowed liquors to be sold in his hotel. From what I know about the matter I think his part in it has been exaggerated, but however that may be I cannot believe his conduct has been such as to warrant bitter denunciation. When Gov. Goodell and Mr. Remick ran for office they did not draw the line as to the men who should vote for them, either in the conventions or at the polls, and I take it for granted that they received the support of many men whom you and others are now denouncing as bad citizens. I do not say this for the purpose of criticising what has occurred in the past, but rather for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that it has not been thought necessary heretofore to draw the lines as strictly as you seem to think should now be done. I have been connected with the Re-

publican party from my early manhood, and I think I can safely say that the affairs of our state have been honestly, economically and decently administered, and I certainly know of no existing condition that requires the overthrow of that party.

It is proper that I should add, concerning which there has been no concealment on my part, that if I shall be in the state convention next September I shall cast my vote for the nomination of Col. Greenleaf, but I shall find no fault with others who differ from me regarding that matter. If Col. Greenleaf is nominated I shall expect him to be elected, and I will certainly do everything in my power that can honorably be done to secure that result.

I note that you suggest that I have received too much at the hands of the moral forces of the state to justify me in speaking disrespectfully of men like yourself. Whether or not I have received more than I have given is a matter that I do not care to discuss, but whether I have received much or have given little I feel sure that no man who has known me in the past will give credence to the absurd accusation that has been made against me, and to which you call my attention.

You are at liberty to publish the correspondence if you choose to do so.

With best possible wishes, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,  
J. H. GALLINGER.

Washington, D. C., June 1, 1906.

Other letters followed. Mr. Blake thanks Mr. Gallinger for his courtesy and expressed gratification at the emphatic denial of the remarks attributed to the Senator. He called attention to the fact that the Methodist Church has always opposed the liquor traffic and insisted that to confuse the defeat of a political machine with the overthrow of a great political party is a grievous error. "Mr. Greenleaf's nomination," he wrote, "will mean the alienation of the moral forces that hitherto have supported and formed the strength of the Republican party. We will certainly oppose him to the last."

Mr. Gallinger replied that important matters of legislation prevented his answering Mr. Blake's arguments in detail at that time. He presumed that Mr. Blake would not publish the correspondence as it stood, as that would be manifestly unfair. He added that a long time ago there was a somewhat similar situation in New Hampshire and Mr. Gallinger "failed to discover that any good had come to the cause of religion, temperance and politics in the ordinary sense."

Some time later, Mr. Blake wrote to Senator Gallinger, suggesting that the latter probably did not care to pursue the matter further. "Unless I hear from you to the contrary," he added, "I will consider the correspondence as satisfactory to you as it stands and give it to the press."

The Senator replied that he did not see why any further correspondence was either necessary or desirable. He had no objection to the publication of the letters. Continuing, Mr. Gallinger said:

"I have no special liking for controversies such as you have invited, believing that no good comes from them. You have, I presume, decided who you are going to support for the Republican nomination, and I have not changed my position, having long ago promised my support to Col. Greenleaf. Such being the case why should we wrangle over the matter? Fortunately this is a free country, every man having a right to his opinions on public questions, and to his preference as to the matter of nominations. It seems to me that no good can possibly come from any further attempt on your part to convert me to your views, and I have every reason to believe that it would be 'Love's labor lost' for me to attempt to persuade you that the course you are pursuing is neither logical, consistent, nor wise."

Mr. Blake agreed that it was "useless to attempt to convert Senator Gallinger from his unfortunate position." He intimated that Mr. Gallinger's candidate has "for years aided and abetted the sale of intoxicating liquors in violation of the law, that he is now engaged in the same traffic; is a resident of another commonwealth; is backed by the gentlemen who insisted the New England Brethren's Club upon the state, and that there is good and sufficient reason for believing that he will be con-

(Continued on fifth page)

## KITTERY LETTER

### Newsy Items From Across The River

### MANY VISIT WRECK OF THE SABRINA IV

### Nearly Everything Of Value Is Stripped From The Hull

### GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, August 1.

Many people visited the wreck of the sloop yacht Sauquoit or Sabrina IV., on Tuesday. The yacht lies broken in two pieces well up toward high water mark, close to the shore end of the eastern breakwater, just south of where the schooner Oliver Dyer was wrecked on Nov. 26, 1888. The schooner's mystery, Ivy Belle, George W. Cummings and Connecticut have also been wrecked in the same vicinity.

Everything of value has been stripped from the wreck; anchors, spars, sails and all brasswork have mysteriously disappeared, and the four ton lead keel, which lies at low water mark, has been hacked in dozens of places with hatchets and axes, in a vain attempt to carry off the treasure.

The yacht was unusually well built for one of her class. So was copper fastened throughout, timbered with oak and planked with Virginia cedar. She was built by Burgess and Packard at Salem in 1904 and was forty-seven feet over all.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers and children of Lynn, Mass., are visiting relatives in town.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the Second Christian Church will have on outing at Central Park, Dover, on Thursday.

Riverside Lodge of Odd Fellows has invited York Rebekah Lodge, No. 2 to unite in a picnic on August 3.

The Second Christian Church Seaside Union will hold a session at the Isles of Shoals today.

The regular Friday night class meeting of the Second Methodist Church will be omitted this week.

Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Bridgman of Medford, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dennett of Gerrish court.

Miss Alice Robbins, who has been visiting her brother, Frank Robbins of Rogers road, left on Saturday for Europe, where she will pass two years.

A regular meeting of Whipple Lodge of Good Templars and a stated meeting of Naval Lodge of Masons will be held this evening.

Regular meetings of Red Men and Knights of Pythias were held on Tuesday evening.

### Kittery Point

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kimball of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bray.

Howard Collins, Jr., has nearly recovered from his recent severe illness.

The schooner yacht Clarissa, owned by Eli Kirk Price of Philadelphia, was in port on Tuesday. Her captain reported weathering the gale, which wrecked the Sauquoit, at sea under a close reefed foresail.

There seem to be conflicting opinions as to the severity of the storm in which the sloop yacht Sauquoit was wrecked. The fog horn at Whalesback was certainly not started until two o'clock in the morning, while the yacht stranded at one o'clock and several men who were on duty in various capacities say that at no time was the fog so dense as to shut out the harbor lights.

John M. Tobey of Manchester, N. H., who has been passing a short vacation with his parents, has returned.

The water in the harbor has been unusually phosphorescent for the past few nights and its brilliancy rivals

the stars themselves when stirred up by the passage of a boat.

Both the Parkfield and the Champenowne hotels are experiencing a highly successful season.

Smelts are becoming more and more plentiful and disciples of Isaac Walton are anticipating a busy season.

### BY MISS BIRTWELL

Company of Friends Pleasantly Entertained at Wallis Sands

One of the principal social events of the season at Wallis Sands was the party given on Tuesday evening by Miss Marion Birtwell, who is passing the Summer there.

The guests assembled on the spacious verandas of Miss Birtwell's Summer home at half-past five. A tempting lunch was served and later the party adjourned to the beach, where an immense bonfire was lighted. Marshmallows were toasted and sports enjoyed.

The guests left at a late hour in automobiles and carriages.

Among those who enjoyed Miss Birtwell's hospitality were the following:

Misses Katherine Hollister of Greenfield, Mass., Georgine Moses, Florence Parker, Minnie and Jessie Woods, Mae Shillaber, Portsmouth, Helen McQuestion, Malden, Mass., J. Arthur Farrington, Edward Hendricks, George W. Downing, Portsmouth, George McQuestion, Malden, Mass., Mr. Temple and Mr. Brown, Boston.

### A REMINDER

Of the Pearly Days of Portsmouth's Foreign Trade

The little Wells, Me., schooner Alice S. Wentworth, discharging a cargo of salt at Gray and Prime's storehouse, Piscataqua wharf, reminds one of the pearly days of the port of Portsmouth, when a cargo of salt would arrive from Cadiz or Trapani in a square rigger, and a Portsmouth ship at that.

It seems, however, as if Portsmouth were fated to be without much foreign trade. When a cargo of molasses comes here, instead of being in a little West India molasses brig, it is from Boston and in a humble brick barge. The navy yard, too, which might give the port a brisk foreign and coast trade, receives all its supplies by rail.

The largest paper plant in the world, however, may give Portsmouth another task of its old deep sea trade before many years.

### YOUNG EAGLES WIN

Defeat Summer School Team by Score of Nine to Three

At Langdon Park Tuesday morning the Young Eagles and Summer School team played an interesting game of baseball, the score being nine to three in favor of the Young Eagles.

The features were the batting of Cooney and McCarthy for the Young Eagles and the pitching of Cochrane for the Summer School team.

The teams were made up as follows:

Young Eagles—Fernald, pitcher; Varrell, catcher; Bickford, first base; Hayden, second base; McCarthy, third base; Cooney, shortstop; Hogan, left field; Trider, center field; Holland, right field.

Summer Schools—Cochrane, pitcher; Ham, catcher; Kingsbury, first base; Cowick, second base; Downing, third base; Hill, shortstop; Coffield, left field; Meehan, center field; Hodgkins, right field.

### THE MONEY AT THIS OFFICE

Fifty Dollars Deposited in Accordance With Terms Of Challenge

A representative of the tug-of-war team from the Portsmouth Brewing Company called at The Herald office on Tuesday evening, and in answer to a challenge recently issued by the manager of the Frank Jones team, he deposited \$50 with the sporting editor for a contest to be arranged for by the representatives of both teams at The Herald office at half past seven this evening.

### THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special To The Herald)

Washington, August 1.—Partly cloudy weather is indicated for Thursday, with variable winds.

## STORE NEWS OF Geo. B. French Co

### Closing Out Prices That Save You Money.

COLORED MUSLIN SUITS are marked down from \$3.50 to .....\$1.98

These are trimmed with Washable Laces, stylishly made up of light ground Muslins with neat figures, really very stylish.

COTTON RADJAH SUITS, a popular seller, but marked down for clearance, tailor made, assorted sizes, were \$5.00, now.....\$3.75

WHITE LINEN SUITS marked down, some of the most ultra-fashionable sort, best of style and workmanship, the first choice of several manufacturers, once \$15.00, now .....\$10.00  
once \$12.00, now .....\$8.75

LONG KIMONAS, because of an overstock we offer one lot of choice styles, best colors, marked down from \$2.98 to .....\$1.50

DRESSING SACQUES in light colored Muslins, stylish wear.....50c

EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS, requiring but little sewing to complete, low prices on these.....75c, \$1.12, \$1.65

Our Department of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments reveals many a chance to save you dollars and dollars.

### Dress Suit Cases at Vacation Prices.

We Show Special Bargains in Leather and Straw Cases.

A Suit Case that will do good careful service for.....\$1.00

Leather, Rattan and Willow Cases.....\$2.00, \$2.25 to \$5.50

### Hammock Rugs.

Twenty styles, special price.....69c

### Cedar Chests.

The Real Imported Cedar, Choice Grain and Finish, Sure Proof for Fur Storage or for Wool Wear.

Three Sizes in these Superior Chests.....\$4.75, \$5.25 and \$5.75

### Choice Toilet Waters, Best Qualities Made.

Hudnut's Toilet Water.....75c and \$1.40

Roger and Gallet's Toilet Water.....79c and \$1.37

Beau Brummell's Nail Polisher for.....50c

## JULY SPECIALS AT FRENCH'S



## HILL CLIMBING

By The Automobilists At  
Crawford NotchTEN EVENTS INCLUDED IN  
TUESDAY'S CARDOwing To First Postponement, Only 30  
Cars ParticipatedONE EVENT WON BY ROGERS, SON OF  
STANDARD OIL MAGNATE

Crawford Notch, N. H., July 31.—In the hope of carrying out the program for the hill climbing contests which the rain prevented yesterday the committee in charge of the event was early at the scene of the struggle today examining the condition of the road after 24 hours of almost continuous rain.

There was so much disappointment expressed over the postponement, especially by those who had planned to leave for home today, that the committee last night decided to hold the contest early this forenoon, starting the first cars up the steep grade from the Willey House to Crawford at 8.30 o'clock. The officials, therefore, came down from Bretton Woods last night and those in charge of the wire arrangements were up almost with the dawn testing their instruments and other appliances for timing the machines.

The card for the hill climbing called for 10 events, including a free-for-all for racing and stripped cars. There were twelve contests originally planned, but two failed to fill, while in two other events there was but one entry each.

Last year the contest was held up the side of Mount Washington, but the road was so narrow, rough and dangerous that it was decided this year to send the cars over a some what safer course, so the road up through the Notch from the Willey House to the Crawford House drive way, a distance of three and a quarter miles, was selected on which to test the climbing ability of the cars.

The weather was clear and bright and although the road was still rather muddy there was nothing to prevent the hill climb. The first cars left the starting point shortly after 8.30 o'clock.

Some of the cars originally entered in the various events were withdrawn as their owners were obliged to leave for their homes, but over 30 remained to participate in the climb.

Event No. 8, for stock cars costing over \$4,000 and not more than \$5,000, was won by Arthur Morrison, driving a 30 horse power gasoline car. Time 2 minutes, 4 seconds. Guy Vaughan driving a 30 horse power gasoline car, was second. Time 3.03 4-5. Harry Wollaver, with D. H. MacAlman's 40 horse power gasoline car, was third. Time 3.37 4-5. A. B. Cope, with W. W. Burke's 45 horse power gasoline car, was fourth. Time 4.01.

Event No. 5, for stock cars costing over \$850 and not more than \$1,200, went to Ernest Rogers, whose 20 horse power gasoline car was driven by H. E. Rogers. Time 3.11 2-5. J. J. Koehler, the only other entrant was second, driving his own 22 horse power gasoline car. Time 4.00.

## VENGEANCE FOR MURDER

Visited Swiftly Upon Italian In New  
York Tuesday

New York, July 31.—Vengeance for a murder he had committed was visited swiftly upon an Italian named Salvatore Stammecco after he had shot and mortally wounded his countryman, Salvatore Caradone, on South street, near the Fulton market, today. Hardly a minute after the shooting Stammecco was stabbed in the heart and instantly killed by Giuseppe Tocco. All three are peddlers who were buying fish at the market.

Tocco and Caradone, who are brothers-in-law, were engaged in conversation, when they were joined by Stammecco. In a quarrel which followed Stammecco drew a revolver and fired at Caradone, who fell with a bullet wound near the heart. The assailant then fled, pursued by Tocco. A block or two away Tocco caught up with Stammecco and closed with him. In the struggle Tocco pulled a long bladed fish knife and plunged it into the other man's

Cholera Morbus and  
Bowel Complaints

"Over 95 cases in every hundred of summer complaints could be avoided," says a leading specialist, "if every one was careful to keep his system toned up with Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. It's the most effective germ destroyer known to the medical profession."



## Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

aids digestion and assimilation; purifies and enriches the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nerves; hardens the muscles; stimulates the heart's action, and builds up and sustains the entire system. Prescribed for half a century by leading doctors.

"Duffy's" is absolutely pure, contains no fusel oil and is the only whiskey recognized as a medicine.

At all druggists and grocers, or direct, \$1 a bottle. Medical booklet free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

chest. The blade penetrated the heart and Stammecco fell dead.

The tragedy was witnessed by scores of market men and pedestrians who thronged the street, but it was executed so swiftly that not a man could interfere. Tocco was arrested.

## TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Lawrence, Mass., July 31.—The ceiling of the First Baptist Church, corner of Haverhill and Amesbury streets, fell this morning about 6.25 o'clock, doing about \$3,000 damage. Practically the entire ceiling, plastering and beams, dropped, burying the pews under debris and destroying the expensive chandelier, together with the pulpit furniture and damaging the pews to a considerable extent. No one was in the church at the time.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 31.—The plant of Montgomery Brothers and Co., planing mill and box factory, on Court street, was partially burned today, causing a loss estimated at \$170,000. The Pierce Automobile Company occupied the top floor, where they manufactured the wooden frames for their cars. They estimate their loss at \$100,000. The other occupants were the Cypher Incubator Company and the Niagara laundry. Montgomery Brothers' loss is estimated at \$50,000, the Cypher company at \$15,000 and the Niagara laundry at \$5,000. Partially covered by insurance.

Buzzards Bay, Mass., July 31.—Former President Grover Cleveland, who arrived here yesterday on the yacht Ogishia with former Commodore B. C. Randolph of the Corinthian Yacht club, spent today in fishing. He expected to remain here over to tomorrow. Mr. Cleveland's summer home, Gray Gables, has been let for the season to Mrs. Judge Lockwood of Chicago, and Mrs. Aylward, a friend of Mrs. Cleveland.

Rome, July 31.—The pope today received the American pilgrims conducted by the Right Rev. Henry Gebhardt, bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the Rev. John J. McGrane, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who were presented by Mr. Kennedy, rector of the American college. The pontiff greeted with satisfaction that immediately after his election the first pilgrimage he received August 5, 1903, was composed of Americans, was conducted by Father McGrane and was presented by Cardinal Gibbons. The pope is enjoying excellent health.

London, July 31.—Sir William Macdonald, a high authority on technical education, appeared before the home of lords committee on insurance companies today and declared himself to be opposed to making any exceptional arrangement for British policy holders.

Boston, July 31.—A warrant was sent to Pittsfield today for the arrest of Dr. Frederick F. Moore of that place on the charge of passing altered worthless checks in this city. Moore at present is held by the Pittsfield police on a similar charge.

## UNION REBEKAH PICNIC

Union Rebekah Lodge, No. 3, will hold its annual picnic Thursday, Aug. 23, at Rand's Grove, Jamaica Beach, B. Farms, Friday.

The four Marcher Granges will hold their annual picnic today at Hampton Beach in a body today.

## ADVANCEMENT IN JAPAN.

Great Step Forward Taken by Female  
Subjects of the Mikado—More  
Girls Attend School.

The remarkable increase during the last few years in the number of women employed in various branches of commercial life in Japan must be regarded as a very significant sign of the times. Not content with the occupations which have almost exclusively belonged to females, they have now invaded those fields which have hitherto been considered as belonging to the male sex.

The experiment made in the employment of women as clerks and bookkeepers has been found satisfactory, and we now find girls employed by many of the firms and stores in Tokyo and other large cities. The employment of women in these various directions will do much toward emancipating the Japanese women, who have until now been entirely dependent on men for the shaping of their destinies. It is only natural, under such circumstances, that female education should engage serious public attention. The number of girls receiving a school education, it is stated, is now more than eight times the number of those at school ten years ago. More remarkable are the figures given by the Tokyo Educational society. Fifteen years ago the percentage of females admitted to the training school for teachers was less than 20, as compared with the men, but to-day the rate has been completely reversed, the number of male applicants being now about 15 per cent of the total! It is said that women, as teachers, are proving themselves superior to men, and that there is consequently more demand for the former than the latter. There is no doubt that the employment of women in the various branches of business activity will steadily increase with the advance of education among them.

## RUM QUEERED STORY.

Considering Ship's Cargo It Was Little  
Wonder the Sailor Had Seen  
Sea Serpent.

The young Earl of Yarmouth took out his notebook and jotted down a recipe for one more.

"Rum," he wrote. "Three nogginis of Jamaica rum."

And then he paused and smiled. "I am reminded," he said, "of my last voyage."

"During the voyage I made the acquaintance of an old sailor, and many a chat I had with him on deck. I in my deck chair, he with his eternal pipe and bush, painting away at smokesack and what not, as sailors do."

"We saw one morning a lot of water shoot up, fountain-wise, from the calm sea, and the sailor said:

"'A whale!'

"And sure enough, a moment later we saw the whale, a big fellow."

"Did you ever see a sea serpent?" said I.

"The old sailor paused a moment in his painting."

"Yes, my lord," he said. "I seen a sea serpent wunst. We had started from Jamaica with a cargo of rum, and—"

"But I had heard enough."

"Go back to your painting," I said."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

G. T. Brokaw, the noted golfer, made a tremendous drive and hit the ball. As he looked for the ball he said:

"Once, in Scotland, I saw a lost ball cause a great commotion. Over there, you know, a lost ball means a lost hole."

"Two professionals were playing, and one of them lost a ball in the tall grass. He searched for it a long time. Nearly half an hour passed. His opponent kept urging him to admit that the ball was lost, and to forego a hole, but this the other refused to do."

"And finally, with a triumphant laugh, he pointed down, fumbled in the weeds, and rose with a ball in his hand."

"Here's my ball. I've found my ball!" he shouted.

"'Yes a liar,' said the other professional, 'for I've got it here in my pocket.'"

More Than Likely.

John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, was discussing in a New York club a case of plagiarism.

"The man admitted that plagiarism was suspected of him," said Bangs, smiling. "He almost admitted it was proved. He reminded me of a Yonkers boy I used to know."

"The boy said to his chum one morning:

"'I had under the parlor sofa last night to hear what young Saffie's would say to my sister.'"

"'Well, what did he say?' the other boy asked."

"The only talked religion and politics, and he kicked me about 20 times on the head.'"

"He know you were there, I guess," said the second boy."

"'I'm afraid he suspected it.'"

Rio de Janeiro English.

A firm in Rio de Janeiro recently sent out the following advertisement about olive oil:

"Our olives oils have guaranteed of fits quality. Diligently fabricated and filtrated; the consumer will find with them, the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any counterfeit, is necessary to require on any bottles this contomare deposed conformably to the law."

"The corks and the boxes have all marked with the fire."

## SAVING FINE TREES.

Hollow Trunks Filled with Cement,  
and Decay Arrested, Much as  
in Dental Work.

Considerable interest attaches to the cement filling in the trunks of the great oaks near St. Charles avenue, and many questions have been asked about this method of arresting the decay of trees, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Horticulturists have found that they have been able to prevent limbs from decaying by wrapping them in cloth. This helps to exclude the dampness. Carrying their experiments one point further, it was found that cement would preserve the trunks of trees from rotting, just as a filling in a tooth prevents further decay.

The question arose last year as to what would be done to preserve the great oaks at Audubon park, which were losing their growth and verdure by reason of big holes in their trunks, and it was accordingly decided to fill the apertures with cement. Several cartloads of sand, mortar and brick were used in the operation, which has been attended with great success. Old oaks regained their strength, new branches began to grow and altogether they put on signs of renewed life.

The art of "arboreal dentistry" has since then been perfected to such an extent that even a new bark can be given to a tree. It is proposed at some future date to cover the filling with a layer of cement the color of the oak's bark, which can be so worked as to resemble a natural covering. It is said that this will preserve the tree even better than will ordinary cement, while at the same time it will add to its beauty by hiding the morbid.

## COULD NOT COME BACK.

Man Knew What He Was Doing  
When He Offered Large Reward  
for Dog He Hated.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, the well-known physician and editor, was condemning euthanasia, the painless killing of incurables.

After indicating several cases where supposed incurables had been cured, Dr. Shoemaker said:

"And euthanasia might lay itself open to other abuses. Why, there may be, for all we know, enough euthanasia as it is. You've heard the story of the man and the Aberdeen terrier?"

"There was a man whose wife had an Aberdeen terrier of extreme ferocity. It bit the man a number of times. He expressed great hatred for it."

"Finally the terrier bit a large piece out of the calf of the man's leg, and the next day it disappeared."

"The man advertised widely for the dog's return. He offered a reward of \$200 for it. His friends were amazed."

"I thought," said a friend to him, "that you hated that dog."

"I do," the man admitted.

"Why, then, do you offer such a large reward for its return?"

"To please my wife."

"But you're foolish," said the other. "Such a large reward will be sure to bring it back."

"No, no," said the man, with a smile. "You see it's dead."

Why Some Unhappy Marriages.

The late Susan B. Anthony once attended a wedding in Rochester, and at the reception she said to the bridegroom:

"If you want this marriage to be a happy one, you must be as kind and tender always as you are now. Never relax for a moment your attitude of loving solicitude. Never relax it, though you find a hundred excuses for doing so."

"Such excuses, believe me, are easy to find. I once knew a young couple whose marriage had not turned out as happily as it should have done. The wife said to the husband one evening: 'Before we were married, dear, you were always giving me presents. Why do you never give me any now?'

"My love," the husband replied, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?"

Woman's Whim.

The bachelor was entertaining a large company at dinner when one of the women guests discovered she had left her handkerchief with her wrap in his bedroom. The host gallantly volunteered to get it for her, and as he let the room she called to him:

"It's in my hat." He thought that was a queer place to keep a handkerchief, but when he poked up the hat he was more surprised to find pinned on top of it his guest's eyeglasses. It was him several minutes to discover that the handkerchief was tucked away in the lining of the crown of the hat, and when he returned to the table he remarked on the place where he had found the glasses fastened.

"Oh, yes," the woman declared, "I always carry them there. It's a safe place, and then I always know where they are."

Defiance.

Nero as in a fierce mood after the peacock banquet.

"Great forum," whispered the fat senator, "but the boss has a wicked gleam in his eye! Why, he looks as though he had the nerve to defy lightning!"

"Lightning?" replied the lean senator. "Why, he looks as though he had the nerve to defy the head waiter."

But after the orange wine the great emperor was observed to toss over a golden tip.

## SCIENCE AND THE OCCULT.

Possibility That Twentieth Century  
Knowledge Will Admit Progress  
from the Unknown.

Will twentieth century knowledge remove the prejudice against the occult? Astronomy and geology and chemistry are permitted to be in the hands of the man of science, but life and mind phenomena are declared to be outside the province of physical science, yet the same was said about astronomy and geology and chemistry not many generations ago. Was not war made upon those who undertook to show that the earth was not more than 6,000 years old, and were not the chemists who showed how organic compounds could be formed believed to be enemies of the truth and bent on misleading mankind? Is it not curious to contemplate that those who know least about a given science should be the ones to set its limits, who know what cannot be done or hoped for so much better than those who devote their lives and their best endeavors to discover what is true and what seems probable? All the progress of science is a progress from the unknown, that is the hidden or the occult, to the known which is not hidden but patent. Perhaps the present century will be able effectually to warn everybody of the danger of setting any limits to knowledge.

## HORSE'S LOVE OF HOME.

Heart Hunger One of the Strongest  
Characteristics of the Animal—  
Longs for Familiar Stall.

The strongest instinct in the horse is that of home—all his thoughts and interests lie there—and the most wearing pain he suffers is that of nostalgia—the longing for the familiar stall and the well-loved surroundings, says Outing. What wonder that our pet almost invariably return to us from such unhappy experiences mere shadows of their former selves and in such wretched bodily condition that it is months before they regain their usual health and spirits. We blame the man in charge, poor feed, bad stabling, insufficient pasturage, etc., and overlook entirely the fact that it is our own fault, and the direct result of heart-hunger which no grass, grain or roof-tree could entirely assuage. Of course the little-used muscles have from lack of exercise, shrunk and lost their firmness and plumpness; the erect has fallen from the same cause; "poverty lines" appear in the quarters and shoulders; the tail and mane are all out of shape, or all worn away; the feet stubbed off; the coat dingy and sunburnt; the skin full of all manner of scars, cuts and abrasions; all these are the effect, not the cause of the lack of bodily condition which is two-thirds due sheerly and solely in the high-bred, nervous, sensitive horse, to simple heart-hunger.

## Sunday Dyspepsia.

"Sunday dyspepsia—that is what you have," said the doctor, smiling. "Sunday dyspepsia?"

"Yes, and it is not a rare complaint, either. It is due to this habit of eating foolishly and gluttonously on Sunday."

"Through the week you eat like a sensible man—a moderate breakfast early, a light luncheon and a good, substantial dinner at the end of the day."

"But on Sunday you eat a heavy breakfast at 10 or 11. At 1 you sit down to an enormous dinner, stuffing yourself without appetite, and at 6:30, when you are really hungry, you eat light, unsatisfactory food, like Saratoga chips and lettuce sandwiches—in a word, a Sunday supper."

"The result of this change for the worse, made once a week by millions of men, is Sunday dyspepsia, an ailment for which I always prescribe a 6 o'clock Sunday dinner."

## Fieschi's Deadly Weapon.

When Morales tried to blow King Alfonso and Queen Victoria to pieces in Madrid, he was acting much as did Fieschi, who tried to assassinate King Louis Philippe of France, in July, 1835. The king was riding along the thence of the national guard in the Boulevard du Temple. There came a crash and a rush of bullets. Louis Philippe's arm was grazed, his horse was shot in the neck, Marshal Mortier fell dead and about thirteen other people were killed and thirty wounded. Fieschi had taken the upper floors of a house several weeks before and there rigged up an oak frame four feet by three feet six inches, supported on four posts of oak and itself supported twenty-five gun barrels fixed in grooves at various angles so as to command an area of twenty-five feet in length and ten feet in height. When he fired the train of powder that let off this battery, the king would have been killed if four barrels had not burst and two missed fire.

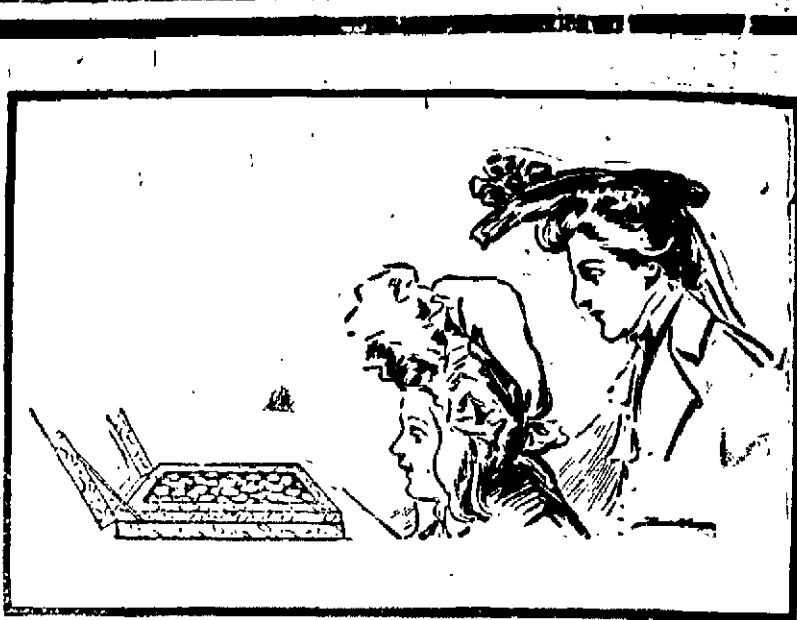
## The Prick of Conscience.

Possibly Mr. Roosevelt and some of his friends can discover the point of the following anecdote which Rev. W. Alexander tells, suggests the Tarboro Southerner:

An old colored man stole a pig and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep, with Uncle Eph still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased.

"Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife.

"Let me 'lone, 'Blah: de mo' I try to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I gits mixed."

Chiclets  
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

Bouquet de Creme de Menthe  
A Dainty Confection  
Candy Coated Chewing Gum  
Particularly desirable  
"after dinner"

Five Little Pennies:

will buy an ounce of delightful Chiclets, the dainty  
mint-covered confection that old people—young  
people—all people talk about

At all the better kind of stores.

Retail Storekeepers supplied by any Wholesale Druggist  
or Confectioner.  
Wholesale supplied by Frank H. Fleece & Company, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

OPEN TO THE  
WORLD.THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE  
FRANK JONES BREWING  
COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the  
World to inspect its plant and to see the actual  
workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the  
world where greater care is used in the preparing  
of an article for human consumption than in the  
Brewing of the

Frank Jones  
Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRO-  
DUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM  
THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL  
COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to  
the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

## Decorations for Weddings

## Flowers Furnished For

## All Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

CAESTICK'S, ROGERS STREET.

## THE SHORES

The Mountains, the Lakes are  
crowded with the fortunate ones,  
but the majority of us are still in  
the treadmill, grinding out food  
for the family. Our best tip for  
the stay-at-homes is to cultivate  
cheerfulness and keep insured.

## HARRY M. TUCKER,

Insurance Agent.



## CROWN vs. CUPID

By Muriel Armstrong.

It was the hour of sunset and the calm of eventide wrapped the little world of Isehnwald in its embrace. On this delightful August evening the town was en fête. At the Schloss a reception was being held in honor of Prince Oscar's eightieth birthday, to which the American Consul had procured invitations for many of the guests at the hotel. Toward 9 o'clock the streets suddenly became animated and a gay throng of men and women, in carriages and on foot, might be seen wending their way to the now brilliantly lighted Schloss.

An hour later a tall, dark figure clad in flowing draperies emerged from the hotel and glided swiftly and gracefully down the high street to the beach below.

On the beach the woman threw back the long dark cloak which had been so closely wrapped about her, disclosing a slender, graceful form, with a fair girlish face above full of youth and sentiment. She stood partly in the shadow of a great rock yet with the moonbeams falling directly on her, lending an added charm to her tender beauty, and as she waited thus another figure came quickly across the sands toward her.

She did not see the man approach, for her gaze was fixed on the distant horizon veiled in shimmering mist. He came quite close to her.

"Helen," he whispered softly, and she turned with a cry of glad surprise, extending both hands toward him.

"I was beginning to fear that your duties as aide-de-camp would prevent you from coming to-night," she said, and as he did not speak, went on, "but perhaps I should not have written to tell you of our arrival until after this state function. Are you cross because I didn't wait, Carl?"

"Not at all, my dear girl," replied the young German in English, which he spoke fluently. "I could not be cross with you if I would. But tell me, Liebchen, why are you not at the palace to-night? I saw several of your people there with the American Consul."

"My aunt wanted me to go, and I'm almost sorry now that I didn't since you regret having come here to see me." The girl's answer was full of reproach, and the man felt how brutally cold he had been.

"It is because you do not understand all that you say these things," he said, throwing his arm passionately about her shoulders. "You are been constantly in my thoughts since that day I met you in Rome, at Signor Rosetti's studio. Do you remember it, Helen?"

"Yes, perfectly. I had been watching you from the window as you came along on the terrace below, and then I saw you stop to speak to the ragged little flower girl with the basket of violets. She was beautiful, too, and as you talked to her so interestedly, I mentally compared you to King Cophetua and the beggar maid. Then you came in, and the old professor introduced us. He said we were his rival pupils in Italian, and after that we grew to be great friends, didn't we?"

"Yes, great friends," he answered, withdrawing his arm from her shoulders, "but why did you compare me to King Cophetua?"

The girl shivered slightly as though suddenly struck by a cold breeze.

"To be strictly truthful, I did not stop to consider the adaptability of the simile, at the time. I was only a romantic schoolgirl out for my first holiday, and naturally my mind was alert to anything unusual which might happen around me. Seeing a well-dressed and apparently well-bred young man conversing with a ragged, yet beautiful girl reminded me of the legend of King Cophetua and his beggar maid. Hence, you see, the comparison was but the fanciful creation of a romantic brain."

"Well done," laughed Carl von Schreiner. "You have proved it like a proposition in Euclid." But despite his jocularity there was a mirthlessness in his tones which grated on Helen Wentworth's ear.

He turned from her and looked out over the broad expanse of the sea, no longer tranquil, for the incoming tide was advancing and in a few moments would be at their feet. The pale light of the moon fell on his handsome figure wearing the uniform of the Isehnwald army, and showed to perfection the clear cut outline of his profile. His usually firm mouth had relaxed into gentler curves and his whole expression was almost womanly in its tenderness.

She thought of that April day in Rome on the hotel piazza overlooking the Tiber, when he had come to say good-by. So this was their meeting, but he was no longer a boy and the old feeling of good comradeship had given place to an almost painfully constrained cordiality.

"What a pretty rose you are wearing, Carl! May I not have it as a memento of to-night?"

He unfastened the rose from his coat and flung it into the sea, but instantly the girl stooped and rescued it.

"Where are your good manners, Carl?" she asked, a mocking reproach in her tone. "Your temper is sadly out of repair and you are fit for some to-night. Go home and take a long rest and perhaps next time—well—sweet dreams, mon ami, good night."

The next morning Helen Wentworth came down late to breakfast. Miss Egan, her aunt, looked up.

"I am glad to see you are quite

well again this morning," she said. Her niece made haste to inquire how the reception had impressed her.

"It was certainly a splendid affair," the elder lady enthusiastically replied. "I never before saw such a magnificent display of jewels, so many beautiful women, such exquisite gowns, such a superb collection of—"

"What is the prince like?" asked Helen, interrupting her aunt's train of description.

"His imperial highness is a most delightful person, charming and gracious, whose white hairs lend but an added dignity to his regal bearing."

"Oh, I don't mean the old gentleman," said Helen. "I mean the heir-apparent, Prince Carl."

"As we were rather late in reaching the palace, I did not see the young prince. He is suffering from a cold and had withdrawn before our arrival. But I had almost forgotten my astounding news."

Instantly Helen was all agog with interest.

"What is your news?" she asked.

"I met such a nice, elderly gentleman," her aunt replied. "His name is Major Samboski and he asked to see me almost all evening."

"Very nice of him," returned Helen, dryly.

"The enjoyment was mutual, I assure you, my dear," said Miss Egan, naively, ignoring the veiled sarcasm in her niece's words. "At least so we agreed, but during the course of our conversation I made a strange discovery."

"What was it?"

"Major Samboski is one of Prince Carl's aides."

"Indeed?" The girl's gaze remained sedulously fastened on the tale.

"And strange to say he has never been heard of our friend Carl von Schreiner, although he explained that the name is the ancient patronymic of the Prince of Isehnwald and is still sometimes used by them as an honorific when travelling."

Miss Egan directed a swift, penetrating glance at her niece, but the girl did not speak.

There was a movement at the next table. Mrs. Chalmers had risen and as coming toward them, smiling pleasantly as she dropped into the vacant chair.

"Have you heard the very latest news?" she asked, and then without waiting for an answer went on, "I just suppose you have, for Colonel, who has just come in, heard only a few moments ago. Old Carl's dear abdicated this morning."

Factor of his grandson, Prince Carl, and the people are just wild with excitement. They simply adore the young prince, and I don't wonder. He is certainly quite charming and knows how to pay a pretty compliment. Fancy, he assured me at it would be the easiest thing as to fall in love with an American woman, and said he envied a man who could follow his inclinations and marry one. Now, Helen, as you been there, I would have now it was your fascinations that had inspired the sentiment, rather than my mature charms."

The afternoon was drawing to a close when a boy ascended the road to the Schloss, and according to the directions given him by the American aide at the hotel, crossed a courtyard and turned to the right.

A young officer in uniform, pacing up and down, accosted him.

"What do you want, boy?" he demanded in German.

"I am a special messenger to Captain von Schreiner."

"You may pass," answered the man, smiling as though he understood.

A few minutes later Prince Carl in his own private apartments stood by an open window reading Helen Wentworth's note. It was very brief, and contained the following:

"Congratulations, mon ami. We have fought for the French capital this evening. Farewell. A bird of passage."

Outside the rain had ceased and the sunlight filtered through the slim clouds. The young Prince of Isehnwald looked out over the rippling valley with the somber mists of the sea dimly visible in the distance, and sighed. A moment later the clouds dispersed and the sun shed its golden effulgence upon the verdant earth, while slowly the silvery haze at the farther end of the valley lifted, disclosing the limpid blue waters of the sea, shimmering in the radiant light.

## Age and Inspiration.

A writer in Harper's Weekly makes some suggestive comments upon the recent assertion of Dr. Minot, professor of embryology at Harvard, that old age begins at twenty-five, when the period of physical growth normally ends. Dr. Minot contends that intellectual growth ceases with physical growth, and that a man of thirty is not nearly so likely to have an original idea as one of twenty or twenty-five. To most persons, as the Harper's Weekly writer truly says, these assertions will seem paradoxical, especially in view of the fact that many artists, authors, and composers have produced their greatest works in the later periods of their careers. The cases of Shakespeare and Wagner, for example, are probably typical.

## Balloons in Germany.

In the last twenty years 2,061 balloons and airship ascents have taken place in Germany and only thirty-six cases of accident have befallen the 7,570 persons taking part in them. Consequently, one trip in fifty-seven comes to grief, or one aeronaut in 210 suffers an accident.

## Second Marriage of Lady Morteyne.

By Nellie Blisset.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. He had risen with difficulty at her entrance, and stood facing her. His head was swathed with bandages, and the white setting lent his dark features a look of the picturesque, the unusual. His eyes, fixed upon the white figure of Lady Morteyne, were half embarrassed and half amused.

"It's what the chaps who write books would call a deuced awkward fix," he said, genially. "Ain't it, Kitty?—beg pardon, I'm sure—I forgot. Lady Morteyne, I meant—but it seems awfully natural to call one's wife by her Christian name. Beg pardon again—awfully sorry. Of course, you're not my wife—hang me if I hadn't forgotten that too, for the minute. I say, it wasn't my fault you know—the infernal motor tried to set me free. Thought she was steeplesiding, and tried to jump a hedge. Landed on top of me—afraid I'm in a horrid mess. Your house-keeper good old soul—told me up with towels, and swore you'd gone to dine at Weycot and wouldn't be back for hours, or I'd never have come in at all. I wouldn't, on my honor, Kitty. Oh, hang, there it goes again—what a fool I am. I always was a fool, you know, you mustn't mind."

Lady Morteyne had come slowly into the middle of the room. She held her white furled cloak together at the throat, and her face was pale, though it did not express any particular shade of feeling. "I don't mind," she said, rather deliberately. "Haven't you better sit down?"

"But hadn't I better go?"

She drew a low chair to the fire and sat down. There was a certain deliberation in all her movements. It was as though she meant to keep herself well in hand—to do and say nothing which she might afterward regret. She did not look at the man with the bandaged head as he took bank into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"It will be at least an hour before the motor will be ready. You had better stay where you are."

"I say, Kitty, that's awfully decent of you."

"I'm not inhuman."

"Well—I wouldn't have wondered if you'd chosen to be."

There was a touch of remorse in his ray voice. She had pushed back her cloak, and her dress sparkled as though with tiny flames in the firelight. A ruby and diamond pendant at her breast caught the red light, and glowed like a drop of blood. His eyes fell upon it with a shock of recollection. He remembered giving it to her in Paris, only three short years ago.

"Oh—I've got to congratulate you," he said suddenly. "Hear you're going to marry Raymond. First-rate chap, Raymond; bit of a saint, but I suppose you—you want a change. I say, Kitty, I wish you every sort of happiness, you know. I'm a bad lot, and all that, and I made a mess of things; but I'm glad you're going to have another chance of happiness, and—and—Kitty dear, I hope this time Raymond will bring it off for you better than I did."

There was a little change in his voice. She did not lift her eyes from the fire.

"I say, Kitty, I want to tell you something. I want to tell you I'm sorry. I'm a bad lot, and you were too good for me, and we didn't hit it off; but you don't bear malice, do you? I beg your pardon for everything. I was a brute—I know that. Kitty, say you don't bear malice."

She did not answer at once.

"No," she said at last.

He was silent. She looked still, meditatively, into the fire.

"It's a bit of one's life," she said, in a low voice. "One—one can't altogether forget."

"You can afford to forget, Kitty. It wasn't your fault. You can put it all out of your mind and be happy—just as Raymond. I think—sounds rather a queer thing to say—I think I'm rather glad you're going to marry again. It doesn't seem so much as though I'd spoiled your life perhaps I've only spoiled a bit of it, after all—the first bit."

There was a question in his voice. Lady Morteyne drew the cloak up suddenly over her shoulders, as though she felt cold.

"Yes—the first bit," she said.

"But I think it's the first bit of life that counts—more than all the rest."

She was thinking—thinking rapidly, with a sort of uncanny rapidity which left her thoughts perfectly and even unnaturally clear. She was thinking of Raymond, who was going to marry her to make amends for all she had suffered—or so, at least, he had promised. She saw his face—the face which she had told herself expressed such a beautiful character, so different from the character of the man who sat looking at her with the eyes of a thing that is being tortured. She was glad that he was feeling something of all she had felt—glad, Raymond would make beautiful life, his tastes for everything that was high and improving to the human race. Somehow, at that moment, the thought of Raymond's passion for improvement left her cold. But he was a first-rate chap—the phrase stuck in her mind. It was a bit of a saint—perhaps he was more of a saint than anyone she knew. And—he was her second chance of happiness.

Suddenly he rose and began to walk up and down the room in silence. She heard the sound of his footsteps passing and repassing her, but she would not look up. She felt that he was suffering—well, she had suffered, too. In a little while the motor would be ready, and he would go, and she would never see him again as long as she lived. But she was glad that she had seen him that once, glad that she had made him feel something—glad, even, that he was jealous of Raymond.

There was a knock at the door, and a servant entered with a note. She took it, and recognized Raymond's clear, untroubled handwriting.

He, too, saw the letter—and Raymond's writing.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said bitterly.

"Excuse me," she said.

The letter was not very long, and Raymond's letters were usually of inordinate length. He regretted most deeply the pain he had to give her. He had always—as she knew—had religious scruples as to the remarriage of divorced persons, but his love for her had, for the time being, overpowered his reason and his conscience. He felt that she might with justice reproach him for not having known his own mind before, but, considering the greatness of the principle involved, he was sure that she would overlook the merely personal point of view, he was sure that she would see that his work in the church, to say nothing of his own moral character, must suffer if he contracted a marriage which he could not help considering against the teaching of the church. He wished it to be clearly understood that he did not give her up—he left it to her good sense to release him from an engagement into which he had been hurried by the force of his feeling for her—and he remained, with deep regret, hers very sincerely, Henry Raymond.

For the first time since she had entered the room she looked up and met Morteyne's eyes and did not turn away.

"Will you please call some one?" she said very distinctly. "It's extremely silly of me, but I think I am going to faint."

When she came to herself Morteyne was still holding her. It seemed to her that he had been holding her for a very long time, but she did not resent it—she did not feel that she cared to resist anything. It soothed and comforted her to feel the touch of some one stronger than herself, and the fact that that some one was Morteyne did not seem to matter.

She looked up at him as she spoke. Suddenly, she did not know why—she ceased to care what Raymond had done. She was almost amused. Her second chance of happiness had followed the first.

"He's thrown me over," she said, and held out the letter.

She sat quietly while Morteyne read it. She still felt amazed—only her head ached so.

"The man's a fool and a pig," he said.

"No—he's quite right. He doesn't believe in the remarriage of divorced people, you see."

"You—cared for Raymond?" he said.

"No."

"No; I never cared for him. I thought he had a beautiful character, and most improving ideas. You were never improving, were you, Jack?"

"I?" he said.

"No—perhaps. I suppose one doesn't love people because they have beautiful characters and improving ideas—I don't know why. It's a badly arranged sort of world, somehow."

"One doesn't love because—" he stopped suddenly. "You loved me then—you didn't want merely to get rid of me, to be free, because I'd been such a brute?"

"No. If I hadn't loved you I shouldn't have cared what you did—I don't care what Henry Raymond does."

"Kitty, I was a blackguard—I've told you so. Perhaps I'm a blackguard still—perhaps I can't help being one—I don't know. But if you'd give me a chance—"

Steps came along the corridor, and he moved back a little.

"I forgot," he said; "you don't believe in second chances—or second marriages. Good-by, Kitty."

The man who entered at that moment wondered why his mistress looked at him so oddly. He was not of a literary turn of mind, and had never devoured the thrilling details of the famous Morteyne Divorce Case.

"The motor is waiting my lady. Lady Morteyne made a little sudden step between the owner of the motor and the door."

"His lordship will not want the motor to-night," she said.

Depth of the Antarctic.

The Scotia Scientific Expedition sent to the Antarctic by Scotland to make meteorological and oceanographical observations, cruised about five thousand miles to the south and east of the South Orkney Islands, between longitude 16 and 45 west, and as far south as 70 deg. 25 min. In this region a deep sea was located, the soundings showing almost uniformly 2,500 fathoms. The deepest was 2,739 fathoms, or 16,134 feet.

For a man to speak to a Turkish woman on the street would be as much as his life was worth. Even brothers do not greet sisters, or husbands wives.

## The Blood of a Comrade.

By Nell Gillespie.

"A short, severe war is less cruel than a long-drawn-out fight," said the captain, easily. "Of course it is! Everybody knows it! So why do the people at home criticize us, and libel and court-martial us because we use every means in our power to prevent further rebellion?"

"They ought to be thankful we don't use Spanish methods," said Wilcox, the junior member of the mess. He was only six weeks out of his cadet gray, and a new arrival at Camp Chicobang.

The captain smiled pleasantly. "No?" he said. "Haven't we a 'reconcentrado' system similar to theirs? Haven't we a blockade? We're merely taking up affairs where they left them, and following Spanish methods in our own way. When this rebellion began we tried to treat the natives as civilized creatures, but thank heaven, we're learning sense at last."

The subaltern flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair. "Do you mean to say that any measure, however cruel, is justifiable in war?"

"About that," said the captain, amused at the boy's interest in a subject which was a stale one to the rest of the mess. "This business has got to be strangled out, and that's exactly what you and I are here for. War is wrong; therefore, it is cruel and brutalizing. 'Benevolent assimilation' talk is all rot, and as for civilized warfare, there's no such a thing. The measures used are adopted as circumstances arise, and must be cruel or barbarous, as the necessity arises, and must be cruel or barbarous, as the necessity calls for."

Wilcox was staring at him, half in horror, half in fascination. "And men can talk that way in the twentieth century," he murmured.

The captain smiled again. "The only way to carry on war with this people is to do to them as they first did to us. As long as we spare them, they're going to think we're weaklings, and grow bolder by result. They haven't any honor; you can't treat them as white men. Their own methods are what they expect, and their own methods are the only means by which this fighting will ever be stopped. It may involve a awful lot of suffering for non-combatants, but we can't help that. When the people cry out 'Enough!' then the insurgents will lose their support and the rebellion will be at an end—for a while."

Wilcox was playing nervously with his fork, and biting his lips as if to keep back words he would not speak. He was young, and his high ideals of the calling he had chosen had made him blind to the hard facts with which he was now brought face to face. It was impossible to believe that his own countrymen—officers of the United States army—could be so cruel, so barbarous. He did not care what the captain said; bloody treatment must serve only to alienate this struggling people. If the rebellion had once been handled differently, what was the cause of this reversion to the savage? Had the lust of blood so crazed the white men that they forgot their race, their civilization, their upbringing? Wilcox pitied the Filipinos; they, at least, were fighting for their liberty.

"By the way," said the captain, "did any of you fellows hear that the general expects to catch Luzit Maha, who killed our policeman down at Hinaran, and tried to murder the port commander?"

"Been wounded?" asked some one.

"No, but his wife had a baby recently, so he probably won't move his quarters so easily. They'll shoot him on sight."

"Well, I hope they see him soon," said the medico. "He's made more trouble for us than any other insurgent in that part of the island."

A sudden sound of running feet was heard through the din of rain outside. The door of the mess hall rasped open, and a dripping figure appeared on the threshold.

"The colonel's compliments to the commanders of K and O troops, and will they please report to him immediately? Outpost No. 2 has been cut up by insurgents, and Lieutenant Ellard and men at No. 4 have been captured."

In the blackness of the night before dawn, a long line of men, lying flat on the soggy earth, wormed their way through the tall rank grass. On the crest of a steep ascent the leading figures halted cautiously, and one by one the men came to a standstill, each with a hand on the foot of the man ahead. A light was beginning to streak the east when the captain consulted the native guide in a soundless colloquy.

"What does he say?" asked Wilcox, the subaltern. He was wallowing in the mud like a caravaco, and his clothes were coated with dirt.

"The hacienda of the Insurrecto commandante is just below us," returned the captain. "They'll be perfectly unsuspecting, and unless they've had time to move on, it's likely we'll find our men hidden there."

In the gray dawn the Americans drew their lines about the little plantation, and lay in an unseen circle, a stone's throw from the brown alpaca hut. The subaltern saw a frowsy woman with two naked children go into the shack. A tall man in ragged white was putting the wash to dry.

"By the eternal," whispered the captain, excitedly, "if it isn't a Spaniard! We've had rumors that the

Gugus were keeping some prisoners up here as slaves."

The tall man glanced toward the jungle and saw a line of blue and khaki-clad figures spring into view. His eyes bulged from his head, and he stood motionless with amazement. Suddenly, with a shout of "Viva los Americanos! Viva Libertad!" he dashed forward open-armed. A burly sergeant met him with a knockout blow on the chin, and the Spaniard staggered back, rubbing his face without resentment. He understood that silence was demanded.

"Over the hill!" he cried, dancing about with pain and excitement. "They've just left here with three American prisoners. Hurry and you will catch them! Hurry, hurry, but take me with you!"

Once more they dashed into the forest. The subaltern, running beside the rescued man, noticed that his shirt was stained with blood, and the fluttering rags gave glimpses of the raw, flayed skin beneath.

"What does that mean?" he asked in his schoolboy Spanish.

The man smiled. Past sorrows were nothing to him now.

"I have been two years a prisoner," he said. "One receives many beatings."

"Have you never tried to escape?"

"What was the use? My friend tried, but they caught him and cut off his head—after roasting his legs."

Wilcox said nothing, but there was a strained look about his eyes. To him the last twenty-four hours had been a horrible unending. Stopping only for food and drink, the Insurrectos deeper and deeper into the hills. He had seen his men surprised and shot down a native in sight of his wife, and as excuse the captain had said that the man was a war traitor, a leader of insurgents, and a persecutor of Americans. But Wilcox felt sickened. The captain and the men became repulsive to him. They were like a lower order of being to which he refused to be degraded. The army was his only outlook, but could he ever be in sympathy with such things as he was experiencing every day?

Suddenly a man in the ranks cried out, and the column came to a jolting halt. The subaltern looked, and turned pale. By the trunk of a moss-grown tree, his arms bound above his head, a rope about his half-naked body, stood an American soldier. Across his mouth from corner to corner a bolo had slashed, and the bleeding flesh hung loosely over the jaw. His head was sunk forward, but he was not dead, as his captors had intended he should be after a few days' lingering.

His "bunkie" who had first seen the pitiful figure, cut the heavy hemp with his bayonet, but the column waited only a moment. A hospital corps man was left behind with the detail, and the troop took up its march the more cautiously for knowing that it was hot on the trail.

The subaltern felt that his nerves were strained to the breaking point. Through the throbbing whirl of his brain came a sickening thought. If the natives were capable of such a deed as this, how would they treat the other two prisoners? Surely they would not dare to harm an American officer. His mind refused to comprehend the thought of Ellard cold and lifeless. The image of his classmate and chum was too fresh, too vividly active to be rendered null. No, the natives could not be so cruel, they would not be so inhuman. And yet that bound figure by the tree. How slowly the men moved? Why did they linger, when every minute might mean life or death to the prisoners?

The men passed over another spur, and dropped into the valley below. With every step they moved more cautiously. Tense and alert, the subaltern crept onward, braced for he knew not what. He saw the captain crawling on all fours, become entangled in a trailing vine, and felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh. It was broad day now, and the heat grew stifling in the breathless woods.

A shout and distant laughter echoed across the valley, and the captain halted abruptly. After a moment's consultation, the troop divided, and at the head of his creeping file, the subaltern turned to the right. Nearer and nearer sounded the native voices, and the men knew that they were close to the insurgent camp. For ten heart-breaking minutes they wormed their way over the damp, brown loam, now and again catching a glimpse of the little clearing, until they had made a complete half circle.

Slowly they drew near the edge of the trees, and the subaltern heard the sound of hasty digging. A strange look appeared on the set faces of the men, but Wilcox did not notice. He wondered what the natives were doing, fearing to look for dread of what he might have to see, and yet impatient to know if Ellard was alive. He moved his body until, dirt color himself, he could watch unseen.

Thank God! At the opposite end of the clearing stood Ellard, upright and unharmed. Before him, in the center of the field, was a rectangular hole like a grave, and the natives were throwing the earth close into it. Evidently they were burying someone who had died, but why did they seem amused? Brady was nowhere in sight. Was it his body they were burying?

Yelling like an army of blue fiends, the captain's detachment burst into the clearing. Surprised and confused, the Insurrectos turned to flee, and met the fixed bayonets of the subaltern's men.

As soon as he could break away, Wilcox ran to one side. Ellard was

standing as before, still bound hand and foot. His face was half averted, but on it the subaltern saw a look of the most intense horror and dread. With a cry of dismay, he dashed forward, but a naked brown figure was before him. Twice the shining kris flashed in the air as the defenceless prisoner toppled backward. Then, dodging the subaltern's bullet, the native turned and fled. Two privates cornered and disarmed him, but before they could put in a finishing blow Wilcox had shouted: "Hold on there! Wait till I come!"

"As you have mercy, put me out of this life!" moaned Ellard.

The tall, strong, young athlete of a moment before lay helpless on the ground, a bleeding, legless trunk. Sobbing, the subaltern dropped to his knees beside his friend, and beat passionately at the



## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than any other local dailies combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1906.

### IN THE YACHTING WORLD

Everyone remembers how the interest in the races for the America's cup was spoiled by the rules of the New York Yacht Club; everyone remembers the unfair deal given the Boston boat at that time and how these things combined to make a great many people wish that Sir Thomas Lipton, who appeared to be the most manly figure in the whole affair, would carry off the cup to the other side of the water, thus removing it from the dictates of the New York Yacht Club, and also making it possible for any American or other contestant to have a try for it.

Now, cheered by a new rule expected to be adopted by the New York Yacht Club, Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to challenge again. This time the challenging boat is to be sufficiently staunch to cross the Atlantic under her own sail; in other words, she will be no racing skeleton, liable to be disabled by an untoward puff of wind.

Certain members of the New York Yacht Club are said to object to sailing the next race under the new conditions. The name quitter is one that will fittingly apply to the so-called sportsman not willing to abide by it. If America cannot retain the America's cup by fair means, it ceases to be of value, and holding it ceases to be in any sense an honor.

Meanwhile word comes from the New York Yacht Club that the men who have previously borne the burden of defending the task have tired of the task; that they do not care to build, tune up and maintain a new cup defender. They are proud of the Reliance and believe she is fast enough to beat any yacht that can be built in England, providing the boat is built under the rule of measurements for which she was designed.

It looks from this distance as if this argument were only a subterfuge to save trouble and expense. The America, the original winner of the cup, was not built on anything even faintly resembling the lines of the Reliance, and it is not obvious why the Reliance should be adopted as the permanent type. There is, indeed, every reason why she should not; dozens of them were cited at the time of the last series of races, and are still fresh in the memory of yachtsmen.

The racing of the future should be done with a yacht, not with a racing machine that, to the eye of the landsman, resembles a barkentine more than it does a yacht in its extraordinary spread of sail.

If the New York Yacht Club refuses to adopt the new rule which will make possible further sport in this line, it will still further lower itself in the estimation of the American people, where it already holds none too high a place.

### A QUESTION FOR DAN

A reader of The Herald has asked how it happens that Hon. Daniel C. Remick, after riding over the lines of the Boston and Maine railroad on a pass for twenty-five years, has suddenly discovered that it is wrong.

The Herald does not care to undertake to answer this question, but the obliging Dan, one of the ablest contributors to political literature in New Hampshire and always ready to

meet all comers, will undoubtedly be glad to furnish our distinguished reader the desired information.

### BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Worry from the cradle,  
Worry to the grave;  
Guess that everybody  
Must be Worry's slave!

Onions are said to be a sure cure for consumption. Koch onto that, will you?

President Roosevelt lately informed us that he felt malice toward none. It's a pity we couldn't all be that way.

The act of a famous clown in committing suicide on Monday shows that he who makes fun for others cannot always make fun for himself.

The appalling record of train wrecks in this country receives daily augmentations, each seeming to vie with the others in its particular horror.

Lovers are fond of quoting that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," but they don't dare to carry the principle into practice.

France, England, and Italy have decided that Abyssinia shall be intact. Not worth touching, probably, being one of the national weeds in the garden of the world.

On Monday the oldest woman in the United States died at the age of 112 years, attributing her longevity to cornbread and black coffee. She probably never even heard of a "coffee heart."

The state board of agriculture is having its twenty-first annual field meeting at Hampton Beach today, and the brilliant array of speakers will undoubtedly disseminate much valuable knowledge.

One good thing about Labor day is that the oldest resident can't come up, slap you on the back, and tell you how much better times they used to have on Labor day when he was young. Yet, there has been a downward tendency in the Labor day line in this city.

That history of the Civil War by Howard and Lee will be head and shoulders above all other histories because it will necessarily be non-partisan, and it will have the further advantage of being a distinctly literary product, not a jumble of military terms meaningless to the civilian readers.

### OUR EXCHANGES

#### Tommy Dutton's Awful Future

"I can never, never be a man!" sobbed little Tommy Dutton. "Because, for all I've tried so hard, my clothes I cannot button."

"If I should wear a collar, like my dear papa," I am sure I could not fasten it. My arms don't reach so far.

"And when I go to part my hair I get quite cold with dread; I stretch my arms, but the horrid comb."

Only goes to the middle of my head!

"I'll have to be a little boy."

And stay right here, I guess, And all because—oh, dear me! I am too small to dress!"

—Washington Star.

#### Sleeping Sickness

How terrible is the disease of sleeping sickness is brought home with tragic force by the death of Lieut. Forbes Tulloch, who in the true sense of the term sacrificed his life in the cause of scientific research. He died as the result of a cut from an infected knife used in the course of laboratory work at home, after being invalided from Uganda.

The interest and enthusiasm he had always shown in bacteriology had marked him out for work at Entebbe, on the scientific mission which cost him his life, and his death adds his name to that honorable roll of Englishmen who have not hesitated to risk their lives in seeking to find a remedy for some deadly or devastating disease. The gravity of the work has been demonstrated by his own short career. He was not inoculated by the direct bite of the tsetse fly, as previous known cases have been, but in the actual routine of the laboratory work. He developed the preliminary symptoms of trypanosomiasis some three months ago, immediately after having cut his hand with an infected knife, and, from the first, declared his case to be hopeless. Since then (possibly from the very manner of his inoculation) his case has, in its rapidity and some other respects, been with-

out parallel in such annals of the disease as are known to exist. Natives live, as a rule, some two years after infection; but neither natives nor white men are known to have recovered. Mr. Tulloch was carrying on the family traditions of the medical service, for his father, who died while the son was returning home from Uganda, was Surgeon-General John Tulloch.—London Globe.

#### An Obedient Dog

Don was a spaniel and was owned by R. G. Williams, a druggist in Alliance, O., who at one time refused an offer of \$300 for him. The dog would run errands like a person carrying everything that was not too heavy for him up and down stairs at the command of his master. At night Don would see to it that all the doors in the house were closed before Mr. Williams went to bed. If he found a door open he would close it. His obedience was remarkable. He was not allowed to leave home except when sent on an errand. Sometimes, when seated on the doorstep, he would be attracted by something farther up the street. In order to get a better view of it he would reach out just as far as he could, but was always careful to keep one hind foot on the step thus keeping within the limit of the rules.

Few dogs are more sagacious and useful than those of the northern woods.—Buffalo Express.

#### A Tame Coon

Ernest Roharge of Saco has a tame coon that has been seen with him on the street several times of late. The animal will follow his owner around like a dog and is very tame. The little fellow which is still young was captured when only a few days old and has become quite civilized, and it is quite a funny sight to see it chasing its owner around the streets like a dog. One day last week while the coon was following its master a dog became inquisitive and jumped at him and quicker than can hardly be imagined the coon was on top of the dog's back and the frightened canine went off down the street jolping with Mr. Coon still in his position. After going a short distance the coon jumped off and returned to its master and the dog kept on until he had reached a safe location.—Biddeford Journal.

#### Our New Englanders

But, glorious as history makes the men of New England it dwells with still more of wonder and admiration upon her women. At first, they were regarded in the mass—a great body of unselfish, pious women, who developed strange longings to read and to write. Their husbands "talked things over" with them, and publicly gave credit to their wives for wisdom. Amid all their seriousness, too, these women developed a sense of humor. Their diaries reveal that clearly, and also that they thought for themselves. The diary, in these latter days, has fallen under a ban. The New England woman of two centuries ago, found it her intellectual salvation. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle testifies that she has found it almost impossible to carry out her intention to write the annals of the early Dutch women of Manhattan, because they did not leave behind them any literary memorials. They seem, as a class, to have kept no diaries—written no letters. Not so with our New England foremothers. They made bread and sanded the kitchen floor—and then they sat down and wrote about it all—the information and delight of succeeding generations.—Kate Upson Clark in the New England Magazine for July.

#### OGUNQUIT

Ogunquit, July 31.

There were preaching services at the Christian Church on Sunday by Rev. Mr. Badger who, with his family is passing his vacation at Mrs. Dan Camp's cottage.

Miss Bertha E. Littlefield is at home for a vacation of two months. She will return to Briarcliff Manor, N. J., the last of September.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. P. Littlefield of Wilbur street, Portsmouth, have opened their cottage at Ogunquit for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. J. A. Perkins of Lynn, Mass., is passing the Summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ware.

The ladies of the Christian Church held a fair in the vestry on Wednesday afternoon and evening. The sum of about \$175 was cleared.

Mrs. Clyde Rhines has returned to her home in Vermont, after passing two weeks with her parents. Mrs. Phineas was formerly Miss Althea Thompson.

#### CHRIST CHURCH PICNIC

The Christ Church picnic will be held at Hampton Beach on Wednesday, Aug. 8. Special round trip tickets to others than children of the Sunday school will be sold for adults thirty cents, children fifteen cents.

### NOT THERE TO SING.

Applicant for Position on Stage Had No Ambition to Be One of the Chorus.

The following story is told at the expense of a New York theatrical manager:

"We were engaged one morning testing voices for a summer production, the manager, musical director and myself; there was a rather long line and all looking for positions in the chorus, and nearly every voice was below the standard, which was very disappointing, and the manager got to be very irritable as we got to the last of the applicants, who was a very melancholy looking man. As he came to the piano he attempted to make some remark, but was promptly cut short by the manager, who said:

"You will omit all preliminary remarks and get down to business! Try him," he added, turning to the director.

"The latter began the accompaniment to a popular song, which, with some hesitancy, the applicant for a job attempted with what voice he had. His effort was about as bad as it could have been.

"Look here!" cut in the manager, after the singer had cleared his throat for a second verse, "that will do! You actually have the nerve to ask me for a job?"

"Certainly," replied the sad one in an injured tone.

"Why, man, you can't sing a little bit!"

"I don't claim to be able to sing," calmly responded the man, "and I don't want to sing. I am a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people—you seemed to be set on it."

### QUIET KING OF BEASTS.

Beautiful Animal Seen by Young Englishman in Nigeria Was of Peaceful Disposition.

That the lion is not always the roaring, tearing beast of legendary description may be seen in the following extract from the diary of a young Englishman who is at present serving his country in northern Nigeria:

"I had just topped a long incline and was walking my pony, when on coming around a corner of the road, hidden by some trees, I saw, 70 yards in front of me, basking in the sun on an open patch of burning grass, a magnificent full-grown lion. The sun was not strong, and he was very lazily flicking his tail from side to side. He had a short mane, and his eyes were a lovely amber red in the weak sunlight."

"My first sensation was one of astonishment, profound amazement and delight at seeing such a fine beast. He was a beauty, and it seemed impossible to realize that he was really wild as he lay on his side looking at me with his head raised as a dog does when he hears his master's footsteps. He was fat as butter, sleek coated and glossy."

"My pony, as the breeze was coming from the other direction, did not wind him and went steadily on without so much as pricking up his ears. My dog was walking on in front, about ten yards, and luckily did not notice him. It was not until I was actually passing him that I realized that if the lion took it into his head to fancy a bit of white man I should be unable to dispute his right."

"After I had proceeded some 150 yards the lion got up leisurely and followed along the road behind me, but after going about 100 yards, he turned into the bush at the side of the road."

#### The Way Home.

On one occasion a bishop invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before dinner hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds.

After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses, they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall.

"Ah," said the bishop to his astonished guests, "this will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front," and, forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

#### Sure of His Job.

A Philadelphia lawyer recently had cause to make frequent complaints of the destructiveness of his office boy, an Irish lad of twelve. The straw that broke the camel's back was the smashing of a unique inkstand presented to the attorney by a friend in Japan. As the stand was quite valuable, the lawyer decided to teach the boy a lesson. So, summoning him, he said: "Look here, Tom, this sort of thing must cease! That inkstand was worth \$30. I shall retain \$2 of your salary each week till it has been paid for."

With a grin the boy replied: "Well, sir, it looks like I'm sure of a steady job for some time to come."

#### Western Races Dying Out.

The real yellow peril is European race suicide. The birth rate in the German empire continues on its downward course, being only 33.9 per thousand in 1903, from 35.7 per thousand in 1901. In Great Britain the birth rate has fallen from 30.7 in 1893 to 27.6 in 1901. French statistics show that at present the birth rate is only 22 per thousand. It is interesting speculation to try to forecast what another century may bring forth in the world's politics if the birth rate of western nations continues to decline and that of the orient keeps up as high as it has in the past.

### KEITH'S THEATRE

The vaudeville program at Keith's for the week of Aug. 6 is a typical Summer one, up to the standard of this popular place of amusement. The Zingari troupe, claimed to be one of the best mixed organizations of vocalists ever heard in the varieties, will be the big novelty of the bill, presenting an excellent interpretation of gypsy life with special scenery and handsome costumes. There are eight people in the act, five women and three men, all of whom are excellent vocalists. This will be the first appearance of the troupe in Boston. Estelle Wordette, assisted by an excellent company, will present the delightful one-act playlet, "A Honeymoon in the Catskills," which has been scoring a big hit in the Keith theatres in the West. The surrounding show contains several newcomers, as well as others favorably known hereabouts. Included in the list will be the Four Everetts, equally divided as to sex, in a new and novel equilibristic exhibition; Clifford and Burke, popular blackface comedians and eccentric dancers; John D. Gilbert, monolog and singing comedian; Donat Bodini, a clever acrobat, exhibiting an equally clever canine; Dixie and Anger, "The Baron and His Friend"; Ben Beyer, clever comedy bicyclist; Billy Broad, blackface comedian; Malverne and Thomas, pleasing singers and dancers, and Morton, Temple and Morton, in an acrobatic specialty. The Fadettes, whose popularity seems not to have abated a single jot, will have an entire new program of selections, and the customary new list of comedy and interesting motion pictures will be exhibited in the kinetograph.

### CHEAP BUTTER

IS OLEO'S BEST FRIEND.

As long as people clamor for something cheap we shall have adulterated food.

We do not make cheap butter. We do make butter of extra good quality and deliver it while it has all its original flavor and aroma.

PURE CREAM IN ANY QUANTITY.

Philip Farms Creamery, ELIOT, ME.

### Hampton Beach Casino

Week of July 30th,

### GLOBE NOVELTY COMPANY

With the following acts: Eckhoff and Gordon, The Musical Wonders; Barry and Eliza Gray, And Their Jolly Varieties; Harbach & Harris, Comedy Singing Sketches; Chetani, The Magic Wonder; Jack Dempsey, in the Original Creation.

Afternoon and Evening.

### Lakes in the Clouds

Reached Only by the CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Specific Rates to Pacific Coast and Other Points until Sept. 15th.

Write F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., 362 Washington St., BOSTON

### BOOKBINDING

Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL Over Fay's Store Portsmouth, N. H.

### GEORGE A. TRAFTON

Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY

NO. 113 MARKET ST.

### WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

TO LET—Store, corner of Fleet and Congress streets, formerly occupied by the Portsmouth Confectionery Company. Stationary fixtures, for sale or to let. Inquire of H. J. Freeman. A1h1w

TO LET—House of five rooms, No. 5 Rockingham street, inquire on premises. c130-1w

TO LET—A tenement, No. 1 Rockland street, all modern improvements; bath and hot water heat. Apply at No. 3 Rockland street or 36 Penhallow street. J19cht

AGENTS for "Gloria" the wonderful new drink. Gives youthful vigor. Half a day of new life in every drink. Drink Gloria. C. E. Boynton, Tel. ch12-13a

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch18tf

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. M9cht

### Isles of Shoals STEAMER

Time Table - Season of 1906 Commencing June 27, 1906 Subject to change without further notice

PORTSMOUTH and ISLES of SHOALS HOTELS APPELDORE and OCEANIC

Steamer May Archer A finely equipped new boat

Leaves Portsmouth, wharf foot of Dea street for Isles of Shoals at 8:00 and 11:30 a. m., and 6:40 p. m., Sundays, at 10:45 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

RETURNING Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6:00 and 9:15 a. m., and 3:25 p. m., Sundays, at 8:45 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Fare for Round Trip 50cts. Good on day of issue only. FAIRE ONE WAY 30 Cts.

### Cemetery Lots

Cared For and Turling Done.

With increased facilities, the subscriber again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the digging and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do digging and grading in the city and suburbs.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Arch and Avenue and South Street, or by mail, care of Oliver W. Ham, 51 Market St., will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

### FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have not considered the monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now this desire to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles, viz., High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

FRED C. SMALLLEY, Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester, NO. 2 WATER STREET.

### Grand Union Hotel

Rooms From \$1.00 Per Day Up OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK. Baggage To and From Station Free. An excellent breakfast and one of the City of New York best on receipt of free cards in possession.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

#### F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon 84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 9 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

#### J. W. BARRETT,

Plumbing and Heating. Telephone Connection.

NO. 17 BOW ST.

#### Louis Schwarz, Chiroprapist

KITTERY, Corner Wentworth Street and Love Lane. Orders sent at Grace's Drug Store. Tel. 13, ctf. Telephone Number 306-22.

#### W. J. MANSON, CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

JOBING OF ALL KINDS

PROMPTLY ATTENDED

Address Cor. Deane and Bartlett St.

#### George A. Jackson CARPENTER

—AND— BUILDER,

No. 6 Dearborn Street

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

1906 1906

#### FRANK J. BICKFORD,

WALL PAPERS

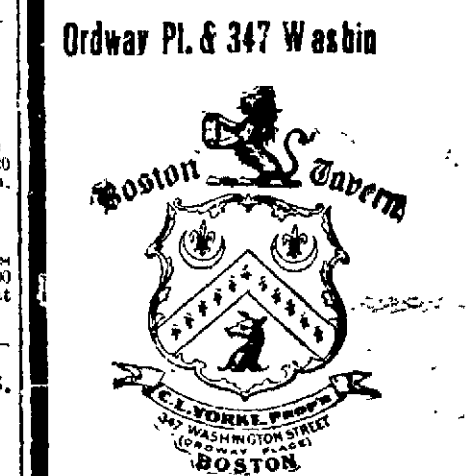
ROOM MOULDINGS

65 CONGRESS STREET.

1906 1906

### Boston Tavern.

Ready to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District. Ordway Pl. & 347 Washin



STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

### Life Insurance Free

In case the insured becomes totally disabled from disease or accident after the payment of one year's premium

NO LARGER PREMIUM REQUIRED for a contract of this kind than charged by other Companies, who only this valuable feature.

TRAVELERS ALONE issues this contract which will be embodied into Life or Endowment Policies.

20% MORTUARY DIVIDEND is guaranteed. The question is asked why pay the same premium with other Companies and obtain so much less? The Travelers Insurance Co. is one of the best Companies in the world.

C. E. TRAFTON, District Agent, - Portsmouth, N. H.

### LADIES' LaFRANCO'S COMPOUND





## A Sign

of good judgment—on the part of the dealer, to keep and sell the best goods, and on the part of the buyer to buy the best, which are cheapest in the end. Everything to furnish the kitchen and laundry.

For Sale by

**W. E. PAUL,**  
45 Market St.,

## Horse Shoeing

### CARRIAGE WORK AND BLACKSMITHING.

your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation. If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work

Attended To.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**IRA C. SEYMOUR,**  
21-2 Linden St.

## Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital,  
\$200,000

### OFFICERS

CALVIN PAGE, President.  
J. ALBERT WALKER,  
Vice President.  
ALFRED F. HOWARD,  
Secretary.  
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst.  
Secretary.

Call for a Free Sample Can  
of our

29c

**MOCHA**  
AND

**JAVA**  
**COFFEE**

— AT —

**WOODWARD'S**

65 Pleasant Street

**THOMAS E. CALL & SON**

— DEALER IN —  
Eastern and Western

**LUMBER**

Shingles, Clapboards, Siding, Etc.  
for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

Market Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

## YORK BEACH LOST

For Second Time During The  
Present Season

IN FINELY PLAYED GAME TO SOUTH  
BERWICK YESTERDAY

York Beach, August 1.

Things broke badly for York Beach yesterday afternoon and South Berwick succeeded in defeating them one to nothing. The visitors surprised themselves and the spectators by the way in which they handled the ball and they were yesterday a team which would be invincible through this section.

E. Renaud, the slab artist, pitched elegant ball, the home team being unable to connect safely.

Hazelton divided honors with him, allowing one less hit, striking out three more men and giving no bases on balls. This should be a winner but the deceptive element of luck decided against the collegians and victory was not theirs.

The game however, was one of the most interesting ever seen here and both teams gave good exhibitions of fielding.

In the opening inning A. Renaud hit a hard liner to Grebenstein, which brought the bleachers to their feet. McGurty was out, Richardson to Schildmiller, and Kezar fanned. For York Beach McLane flied to McGurty. Connolly hit to E. Fountaine, who threw wild, Connolly taking second.

Richardson hit to McGurty and was out, Connolly stole third, but Hazelton was out on strikes.

E. Fountaine flied to Adams, Austin singled, but was caught between bases by McLane's sharp throw. Sargent fell an easy prey to Hazelton's speed. Schildmiller popped a high one, which A. Renaud smothered. Grebenstein walked, stole second, but to no purpose for Adams and Becket struck out.

South Berwick was out in order in

## Beecham's Pills

When lack of appetite is caused by overeating, take Beecham's Pills to relieve the feeling of heaviness. When a sick stomach takes away all desire for food, use Beecham's Pills. They invariably tone the digestion.

**Create Good Appetite**  
Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

## ISLES OF SHOALS

Off Portsmouth, N. H.

10 MILES OUT AT SEA  
The Ideal Vacation Spot.

OPEN JUNE 27,  
**APPLEDORE**

AND **OCEANIC**

Two Excellent Hotels  
Under New Management.

**FINEST BATHING AND FISHING**

For Terms and Booklets, Address:  
C. J. RAMSDALL, - - MANAGER,  
Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth.

**23**

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on  
telephone you'll not get  
"Skidoo" or the "Hook,"  
but

**GRAY & PRIME**

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it

**SANTAL-MIDY**  
These tiny CAPSULES are superior  
Bulbules of Copal,  
Cubebae or Injections,  
RELIEVES IN 24 HOURS  
the same diseases with-  
out inconvenience.  
Sold by all druggists.

## Dr. Lyon's PERFECT

## Tooth Powder

Cleanses and beautifies the  
teeth and purifies the breath.

Used by people of refinement  
for over a quarter of a century.  
Convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY

*J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.*

the third, E. Renaud bunting, Reynolds fanning, and A. Fountaine put up a high one to Adams.

After Smith and McLane were out on infield hits, E. Fountaine lost Connolly's grounder and hopes were high again. Richardson connected but Kezar was under it and the side was out.

A. Renaud singled in the fourth, and stole second. McGurty hit to Schildmiller, Kezar was hit and stole. Two on bases and one down looked bad. Hazelton was equal to the emergency however, and struck out E. Fountaine and caused Austin to hit a long one to Adams. After two were out in York's half Grebenstein singled but Adams flied out to A. Fountaine.

South Berwick went out in order again in the fifth. With two gone, McLane singled and stole, but the best Connolly could do was a drive to E. Renaud.

One, two, three for the visitors was the story in the sixth. Richardson fanned, Hazelton popped to McGurty. Schildmiller connected with a speedy one for a two base hit, but Grebenstein was fanned.

The visitors had a lucky seventh. Kezar singled over second, taking second when Smith let the ball go by him. E. Fountaine hit to Hazelton who threw wild, Kezar going to third. Austin flied to Adams, Kezar scoring. Sargent and E. Renaud struck out. Becket drew a pass but was unable to score.

Both teams were out in order until the home team's half of the ninth when Schildmiller singled, Grebenstein and Adams hit hard but good outfielding preventing the run. Becket hit hard to E. Fountaine but was thrown out.

Besides the excellent pitching, Sargent, Reynolds and A. Fountaine fielded well for South Berwick and Richardson and Adams contributed several good catches for the home team. Schildmiller batted and ran bases in fine form.

Bunker umpired a good game and is no doubt the most satisfactory of officials in this vicinity.

The Marine team will be the attraction next Friday afternoon at the York Beach grounds. This will be the rubber between these two teams, each nine having one game to its credit.

South Berwick A. A.

	ABRBH	PO	A	E
A. Renaud ss....	4	0	1	0
McGutty 2b.....	4	0	0	2
Kezar lf.....	3	1	1	0
E. Fountaine 3b....	3	0	0	1
Austin c.....	3	0	1	6
Sargent 1b.....	3	0	0	11
E. Renaud p.....	3	0	0	0
Reynolds rf.....	3	0	0	2
A. Fountaine cf....	3	0	0	3

York Beach

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
McLane c.....	4	0	1	9	2	0
Gonnolly 2b.....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Richardson ss.....	4	0	0	3	3	0
Hazelton p.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Schildmiller 1b.....	4	0	2	8	1	0
Grebenstein 3b.....	3	0	1	1	2	0
Adams lf.....	4	0	0	4	0	1
Becket rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Smith cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Total.....	33	0	4	27	0	3

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
South Berwick.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1

Two base hit—Schildmiller. First base on balls—Renaud 2. Struck out—Renaud 6, Hazelton 9. Stolen bases—A. Renaud, E. Fountaine, McLane, Schildmiller, Grebenstein, Becket. Sacrifice hit—E. Fountaine. Double play—Richardson to Schildmiller. First base on errors—York Beach 3. South Berwick 2. Hit by pitcher—Kezar. Time—1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire—Bunker. Attendance—350.

GOING TO HAMPTON BEACH

The committee in charge of the Fall outing of the Fusilier Veteran Association of Boston has concluded arrangements and the corps will proceed Sept. 2 by the Boston and Maine railroad, to Hampton Beach, where it will stay until Sept. 6. Comrade Phinney, who is manager of the hotels, etc., at the beach has provided a special entertainment for the association and special cars will convey the members from the train to the beach. The eighth Regiment band will furnish music and a good time is assured.

## BY B. & M. RAILROAD

A Department Of Passenger  
Traffic Is Created

D. J. FLANDERS TO BE INCUMBENT  
OF THE NEW OFFICE

Boston, July 31.—The Boston and Maine railroad announced today that a new office, that of passenger traffic manager, has been created and that Dana J. Flanders of Malden, for many years general passenger and ticket agent of the road, will fill the new office.

Mr. Flanders will be succeeded as general passenger agent by C. M. Burt, now general passenger agent for the Central railroad of New Jersey. The changes will become effective September 1.

Mr. Burt formerly was connected with the Boston and Maine in the capacity of assistant passenger agent.

## FROM TROY

Nephew Announces Contesting Of The  
Russell Sage Will

Troy, N. Y., July 31.—James A. Sage, a nephew of the late Russell Sage, is authority for the statement that the will of the dead millionaire will be contested. Today he made the following statement:

"I have made up my mind to get that to which, as a blood relative of Russell Sage, I am entitled and if I don't get it, it will be because there is no legal way of doing it. I am of the opinion that during Russell Sage's last few years there was undue influence brought to bear upon him, which caused him to leave the bulk of his fortune to his wife. If Russell had left any children and the money had been bequeathed to them, none of the heirs would have even thought of getting more than the \$25,000, but as it is, I, for one, shall make an attempt to get what I ought to have and I don't intend to be beaten out of it, either. I do not know what the other heirs intend doing, nor do I care. I understand, however, that Mrs. Elizabeth Geer of New York will also contest the will. My case is in the hands of Hon. Edgar T. Brackett of Saratoga and any further information as to what will be done must come from him."

## A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN'S UNIQUE REMEDY FOR NAIL-BITING

A prominent New York physician was recently approached by one of his patients who complained that she could not break her boy of the habit of nail-biting—the little chap had become so addicted to this unpleasant practice that not alone were his fingers always in an unrepresentable condition, but he was on the verge of a nervous collapse. The physician realizing that this was one of those petty problems that had never been solved, decided upon a trial, at least, of a unique yet simple remedy—he recommended that the child be instructed to chew Chiclets, and, wonderful to relate, the little fellow was entirely cured of what had promised to become almost a malady.

The remedy is so very pleasant that the average boy or girl can, without a question, be cured of nail-biting by being given Chiclets to take up that nervous energy which otherwise induces them to bite their nails.

**FRANK S. SEYMOUR,  
WAS DEMENTED**

A citizen of Rye was found in a barn in that town a day or two ago in a demented condition. Several bones were fractured, evidently the result of a fall, and he was suffering from exposure.

**KNOCKED DOWN BY A TEAM**

A small child named Slover was knocked down by a team from Newington near the Vaughan street crossing on Tuesday. The child received several bad cuts about the face.

## LETTERS PASSED.

(Continued from first page)

troiled by certain great corporate influences."

He concluded the correspondence as follows:

"If it be illogical, inconsistent and unwise to prostitute one's official position to the furtherance of personal interests and inclination; to seek to force the nomination of a candidate who has already been openly repudiated by every great body of Christian citizens, and who is also unacceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party, and who cannot number a thousand disinterested supporters in the entire state, I am not the guilty party."

"In leaving for my vacation, I cannot refrain from hoping that the course of events will also grant to you a complete and permanent rest from your present arduous undertaking."

## LOCAL DASHES

This is farmers' day at Hampton Beach.

This is the best month of the year for the Summer resorts.

The ten days' conference of the Salvation Army at Old Orchard ends today.

The twelfth annual reunion of the Lord family will be held at York on Thursday.

The great outing of the Fraternal Order of Eagles occurs at Worcester tomorrow.

Brewster's Illustrated Souvenir of the Isles of Shoals. Price reduced to 15 cents. Hoyt and Dow.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the state board of agriculture will be held at Hampton Beach today.

The tight pictures and the proper words will work wonders when they join forces in an advertisement.

The contest between Portsmouth and York Beach Saturday on Portsmouth Field will be a warm one.

For the period beginning today and ending Saturday, the almanacs predict: "Generally cool, backward weather for August at points North of the 40th parallel."

## PRIMROSE OPENS MUSIC HALL

The Portsmouth theatrical season will open at Music Hall on Wednesday, August 11, with George Primrose's all-star minstrels. The Primrose show is even better now than when it was seen here two years ago and is undoubtedly the best minstrel show on the road.

## AUCTION OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

There will be an auction of household furniture tomorrow (Thursday) morning at 2 Haven court, conducted by Auctioneer C. Dwight Hanscom.

## For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

## Gases of Explosives.

The gases set free by the ignition of ordinary gunpowder are of about 2,000 times the bulk of the powder burned. In blasting it is calculated that the proportion of the theoretical strength of the explosive which is brought into action to effect the desired purpose of the blast varies from five to thirty per cent.

## Natives Will Not Work.

All the efforts made by a Liverpool firm to promote the cultivation of cotton in Palestine have been fruitless, even though labor costs only 25 cents a day and land is one-tenth the price of Egyptian land. The chief cause of the failure is said to be the incapacity and laziness of the natives.

## Invented Moving-Pictures.

Moving pictures were invented by an English engineer as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century. The arrangement consisted then of thin strips of wood on a canvas background. With the aid of wires they could be made to move quickly so that the effect of action was given.

## Making Damascus Blades.

Indian steel or "wootz" made in Persia and India between 400-500 B. C. was the material of which the famous Damascus Blades were produced. The method employed resembles in theory the crucible process of today.

## Make Pets of Baby Camels.

Baby camels are great pets in South Africa, and are nursed and tended, and even carried about by their attendants. During the first few months they hardly weigh more than an ordinary dog.

## Pretty Tough.

"I can't see," muttered Ragged Richard, turning in vain to find a comfortable position in the lumps of coal. "I can't for de life o' me see why dey calls dis here ear 'de tender.'"

## If Mothers Only Knew!

Nine times out of ten when children are out of sorts a few doses of Dr. True's Elixir will make them well, strong and happy. If worms are present they will be expelled. If there are no worms True's Elixir acts as a gentle laxative. It cleans out the stomach and bowels, and turns the scale in favor of health by aiding and strengthening the digestion. Unsuspected Worms cause so much illness in children that it is a custom in many families to give

## DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

at regular intervals to guard against them. Some of the symptoms of worms are languid looks, indigestion with variable appetite, malaria, irritable disposition and restless sleep. If your children show any of these signs do not risk delay but give them the remedy that has given relief for over 50 years. It is purely vegetable and harmless in any condition of child or adult.

Sold by all dealers. 50c. per bottle. Write for free book, "Children and their Diseases."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

Established 1851  
Special treatment for tape worms. Free pamphlet.



## SHOP TALK.



There are several "right" kinds of Underwear. We have them. India Gauze and Lisle Thread at \$1.00 per Suit. Balbriggan at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00 per Suit. Sleeveless and Buttonless Shirts and Knee Length Drawers in Zephyr Weight Fabrics. Mercerized Cotton Mesh Suits. Jersey Ribbed Combination Suits from \$1.00 upwards. Summer Weight White Wool Suits \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$3.00 per Suit.

**HENRY PEYSER & SON,**  
"Selling the Togs of the Period."

## OUTING SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Bicycle Shoes and Yachting Oxfords in Black, Tan and White.

Barefoot Sandals in All Sizes.

## The White Shoe Store, Duncan & Storer

5 MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

LEAVE YOUR HUNDLES.

## GOODALL & TOLMAN, General Machinists.

Lawn Mowers, Knives, Saws, Scissors, Etc., Sharpened. Auto, Motor and Steamboat Work. Electric Nickel Plating. Second Hand Lawn Mowers for Sale. Telephone No. 442.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs  
a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination  
Plate Rail and Picture Moulding  
Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

**GARDNER V. URCH**  
No. 23 Hanover Street.  
Residence Telephone 52-9

## "BATHASWEET"

"BATHASWEET" RICE POWDER Best toilet powder. Antiseptically pure. Relieves sunburn and chafing. Best for baby. 25c. THE BOX  
A Perfumed Luxury For the BATH Softens Hard Water Better than Perfume. 25c. THE BOX  
"BATHASWEET" COMPLEXION SOAP Softens and whitens the skin. Leaves heavy creamy lather. Very fragrant. Purest for toilet use. 25c. THE CAKE

AT ALL STORES - OR MAILED BY US  
BATCHELLER IMPORTING COMPANY, 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted



**A New Hotel**  
at the **Old Stand**  
**\$250,000** has just been spent  
Remodeling, Refurnishing,  
and Redecorating the

**HOTEL EMPIRE**  
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.  
**NEW YORK CITY.**  
Restaurant and Service U. excelled  
*Splendid Location*  
Most Modern Improvements  
All surface cars pass or  
transfer to door  
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes  
Hotel fronting on three streets  
Electric Clocks, Telephones and  
Automatic Lighting Devices  
in every room

**Moderate Rates**  
**MUSIC**  
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor  
Send for guide of New York-Free

**OLIVER W. HAM,**  
(Successor to Samuel B. Fletcher)  
60 Market Street,  
**Furniture Dealer**  
—AND—  
**Undertaker.**

NIGHT CALLS 62 and 64  
Market street, or at residence  
cor. New Vaughan street and  
Haynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

**7-20-4**

Cigar Factory monthly out-  
put is now \$47,000, or more  
than Ten Millions annually.  
Largest sale of any 100 cigar  
in New England.

Quality Counts.  
R. G. SULLIVAN,  
stamped on every cigar,  
Factory, Manchester, N. H.

**H. W. NICKERSON**  
**LICENSED MBALMER**  
—AND—  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**  
5 Daniel Street, Portsmouth

Calls by night at residence, 9  
Miller avenue, or 11 Gate-  
street, will receive prompt  
attention.  
Telephone at office and resi-  
dence.

**COAL AND WOOD**  
C. E. WALKER & CO.,  
Commission Merchants  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**Coal and Wood**  
Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

**VARIETY STORE**  
Tin, Glass, Wooden Ware and Yankee  
Notions, Watches, Clocks and  
Jewelry. Furniture bought  
and sold.

**W. T. LUCAS**  
14 Penhallow Street  
Telephone 3543 Open Evenin.

**UNEEDA BISCUITS**  
**CANDY** **ICE TONICS**  
**SMOKING GOODS**  
**COOK'S, At The Plains**

## The Missing Witness.

By William Pigott.

I was travelling by the night express from London to Liverpool, where I proposed to embark the next day upon a steamer bound for Valparaiso. My compartment had no other occupant, and I was glad it was so; for I was restless and uneasy, moving from seat to seat, and peering continually—for no reason that I knew of—out of the carriage window into the darkness. In such a state of mind, indeed, was I that the constraint engendered by the presence of a fellow traveller would have been well-nigh unbearable.

We had been on the way a little more than an hour, and were passing a wayside station, when there was a crash upon the window of my carriage; the glass was shattered to atoms, and something fell upon the floor of the compartment. My nerves were strung at so high a tension that I believe I thought that I had been shot at, and sat rigid, lest by moving I should realize a hurt. Presently, recovering somewhat, I looked upon the floor, and saw that the object which had been thrown there was a small note weighted with a stone. With a feeling between curiosity and apprehension, I picked it up. The indorsement, in a scholarly hand, did little to allay the first of these.

"For the perusal of the person or persons into whose carriage this note may be thrown."

I opened it, and the contents were such an astonishing character that I do not think it likely that I shall ever forget them. At present, at any rate, I can give them verbatim—

"There is a prisoner lying in the jail at Malton, sentenced to be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. He has always protested his innocence and said that there was a man who could prove it. Though nothing was left undone to discover that man, he was not found. I am now, through illness and other causes, have only at this moment learned the circumstances—too late to telegraph, too late to communicate with the authorities at Malton in any way save this. Beyond the shadow of a doubt I can prove that the accused was many miles from the scene of the murder at the time it took place. You who read this as one who value the life of a fellowman—leave the train at Malton, go to the governor of the prison, show him this note, and say that I am coming in the morning by the earliest train, to not fail. It is a matter of life and death. James Castleberry."

I laid down this extraordinary document, and took up the evening paper. I had read what was said about the Malton case before, but I read it again now with an added interest. After recapitulating the chief features of the murder and announcing the execution on the morrow, the report went on as follows:—

"It will be remembered that the prisoner has all along vehemently reasserted his innocence and maintained that there exists a man, could be found, who is able to clear him. He states that at the time of the murder he was a spectator at a football match at Claydon, where he fell into conversation with the man who, it is alleged, culminated in a somewhat heated argument on the subject of professionalism. The prisoner's solicitors have, of course, used their best endeavors to find this person, but without success, and he is by most people regarded as a myth. The accused himself, however, has not wavered from his original declaration, and it is stated that he still clings to the hope that the missing witness will appear in time to save him."

So it came about that I held this man's life in my hands. I threw the paper and the note into a corner of the carriage, and did a strange thing. I laughed. Perhaps it was the strain upon my nerves; perhaps—who knows? I state the fact.

After a time, when I became more used to the situation, I began to reflect. I was asked to leave the train at Malton, arouse the sleeping governor of the prison with an extraordinary story, and thereby to a certain miss my boat to Liverpool. It was more than I was prepared to undertake. Above all things, it was imperative that I should be on board the steamer which started in the morning for Valparaiso.

Besides, there was another reason which made the performance on my part of the request contained in the note a thing not to be thought of. Without doubt, it was the easiest plan to let things take their course. Could I reasonably be expected to put myself out on account of a communication which reached me in so eccentric a manner, and the authenticity of which I had no possible means of gauging? It weighed me to think. I would leave things as they were.

In this frame of mind I remained until the train had drawn up at Malton. I suppose, however, it left me not completely happy, for in a sudden impulse I threw open the window and called a porter.

"I understand," I said to him, "that there is a man in the prison here who is to be executed in the morning for murder?"

The porter seemed astonished at my question, which is perhaps not to be wondered at.

"Yes, sir," he replied at last, "there is; he killed a man at Tarby."

"Such is the general impression. I may interest you to know that he did nothing of the kind; and if you are bring to me the station master or some person in authority before the train starts again, you will probably save his life."

I believe that I enjoyed the man's look of amazement, though I had before been under the impression that the capacity to enjoy anything had passed from me. For a moment he stood regarding me with a look which I did not then understand—it has since occurred to me that he thought I was mad—then he darted away down the platform.

Though I had spoken stolidly, I had done so at an immense effort, to cover a state of mind of the most lively agitation. While I waited the return of my messenger I suffered a distress so extreme that I had rather go through once more the most painful portions of my racking life than endure it again. Each moment I decided to feel the motion of the train under me, and I held the fatal note in my hand, ready to toss upon the platform should my emissary come back too late.

At last in the dim light, I distinguished my porter among the people on the platform. He was hurrying toward me, and by his side trod a man in top hat and frock coat who seemed anxious above all things to preserve his dignity.

"You are the station master, I presume?" I said, when he reached me. "No," he replied, "I am the traffic superintendent. The station master is in bed."

"No matter. You are a man, evidently who is used to carrying responsibilities?"

"I am going to give you as much of a one as you are ever likely to have. Read that." I passed him the note in my hand. "It was thrown into this carriage as we were passing a station about an hour out of London."

The superintendent held the paper beneath the light of a lamp, and read it.

"How do I know this is genuine?" he said.

"So far as I am concerned, you have evidence enough. You can see he broken window."

"But this other man? It may be a hoax."

"You know as much as I do. Personally, I believe in it. I think the man will come."

"It would be better that you should see the governor yourself."

"It is impossible."

"May I ask why?"

"I have taken a berth on board a steamer which leaves Liverpool in the morning. It is of the utmost importance that I should catch it."

"Surely, for such a cause."

"I cannot."

The superintendent was evidently perplexed.

"You put me in a difficult position," he said.

"You mean there is the chance of saving a man's life on the one side, the chance of making a fool of yourself on the other?"

I spoke critically. The superintendent seemed to question my right, for he looked put out.

"Do as you please," I said, coolly. "I am clear of the matter. The responsibility is now yours."

He twisted the note in his hands, and for a few moments did not speak.

"Well?" I asked.

The paper shall be handed to the governor."

The guard blew his whistle, there was the shouting of people on the platform, a snort from the engine, and I sank back upon the seat of the carriage. The train had started.

Before I sailed on the following day a telegram was received in Liverpool to say that the condemned man was reprieved. The missing witness had appeared at the last moment.

So I had saved the life of a fellow creature—and at that I drew a breath of relief. You may believe it or not, as you will. It is true.

But what of me? Shall I reach my destination in safety? What of me? What of the actual murderer? For I am that man!

**A Coffin as a Boat.**

There is a queer story of a Dutch castaway. In the days, when the island of St. Helena was an unpeopled waste, long before the coming of the great exile who made its name famous, a Dutch vessel returning from the West Indies, cast anchor off its coast. In a short while a boat was lowered.

The occupants, besides the crew, were a dead officer in a coffin and a downcast seaman in iron. This came for some offense against discipline had been condemned to death by the captain, but in consequence of an appeal for mercy signed by the men on this desolate island instead of being hung up to the yard-arm.

It is probable that even this grace would have been denied him but for the dead officer, for whose burial the ship put into harbor. The crew departed and the ship weighed anchor. The Dutchman, on his side, lost no time. He opened the new made grave, dragged out the coffin, turned his head superior out of it, carried it down to the shore, where, having launched his extemporized boat he jumped in a tree, and, using the lid as a paddle, quickly, thanks to a calm overtook the departing ship. He was taken on board and perished in consideration of his lack.

## The Woman Behind the Funnel.

By Frank Hurburt O'Hara.

The woman behind the steamship funnel started. She had been dozing, perhaps, but now she was quite awake. She thought she heard a voice very close at hand. It sounded familiar, and she lay back in her chair, listening.

"I first met Mason on the Bund at Shanghai," said the voice.

The woman trembled as she listened. The voice came from the other side of the funnel. Her back was to the huge stack, which prevented the possessor of the voice from seeing her. She did not move, only tucking the blankets more closely about her.

On the other side of the liner three men sat. He who was speaking was perhaps 40 years of age, or a trifle younger. His voice was low and clear. The others smoked and listened.

He was a handsome chap, this Mason, an athletic sort of fellow, and not over 25 when I knew him. But, as I was saying, it was for him that a very peculiar sacrifice was made, the only sacrifice that ever came exactly under my own observation.

"Tell us about it," ventured one.

For a time the first speaker was silent, gazing out over the moonlit Caribbean.

"Well," he said, at last, "I was in Shanghai when Mason came out from the States. His sister was with him; or, perhaps, I should say he was with her, for she was the backbone of the two—and she was a dream. Oh, well, as I said, it was a long time ago, Miss Mason was as clear as any one might wish to be, and perhaps richer. They were orphans, and mighty fond of each other. Grace—that was her name—loved her brother, and he certainly thought a lot of her. All the money, it seems, had been left to Grace, maybe because the father had known of his son's weakness for gambling."

"I didn't learn about this love of game until a long time after I met Mason; but, of course, it cropped out in time. Otherwise, he was an ideal man, I think; but once he got to gambling there was no stopping him. And yet, strange as it may seem, Grace never had discovered this. He had wasted a pile of money, I suppose, and hers, too. But she never knew, nor even accused him of being a spendthrift."

"There was another American in Shanghai at this time whom I happened to know extremely well. Afterward he told me all that I am going to tell you."

The man relighted his cigar and for a long moment said no word.

"And he?" his companions prompted.

"Oh he fell in love with Grace, of course. There wouldn't be anything worth telling if somebody didn't. He wasn't a very wealthy fellow—in fact, all he had was a little income. Besides the Mason fortune it was infinitesimal. But, mind, it was not the money he wanted. It was Grace."

"Grace liked Shanghai and Hong Kong there. She was just over in the Orient for pleasure—had come to see the 'cherry blossoms of Japan,' as she said, and then had come on down the coast. Perhaps it wasn't Shanghai alone that kept her—for after all, helpresses are mortal and have hearts. In short, she fell in love with the man."

"Meanwhile Mason had become fond of the lover and had found him a good companion. But he never let the man know about his weak spot—oh, no! So things went on, until at last Grace had promised to become a wife. They told the brother and he was willing. But, alas! things carried. You see, the fellow felt he wasn't quite ready financially to do all that he would want to do for his wife. So they waited a bit—waited a bit too long."

He paused, tossing his cigar over the rail. The woman behind the funnel was listening intently. She shivered a trifle as the man resumed.

"One day Grace took her betrothed into her confidence and told him of a vast sum of money that was coming to her from a firm which was sending an agent to Shanghai to settle the matter. I won't tell you how much of a sum it was, because you might not believe me. At any rate, the sum was coming, and the woman told her fiance and the brother."

"There is no need to dwell upon the following events. What happened is obvious. The agent came and the brother somehow managed to step in ahead of the sister and got the money. Don't ask me how or on him—and the money went."

"The next day that is, the day after Mason had lost the money—he took his sister's fiance into his confidence and told him about the whole affair. What was said during the ensuing moments is best not dwell upon. The brother was called a fool, a coward, a cur and so on. He took it all without a word, except to admit it was true by nodding his head and now and then murmuring that the family name would be disgraced for all time. But what seemed to hurt him most was the fact that now his sister must know everything."

"In the rooms they met Miss Mason. She was very pale, and her lips trembled as she murmured good greeting. Then she dived straight at the subject.

"George," she said to her brother. "I know all about it!"

"Mason turned ghastly white and staggered backward. It was fortunate the room was not lighter."

"The agent has told me that my brother received the money—has shown me the receipt—the papers, and—I had confided only in you—and in you, dear." This last addressed to her lover.

"Then the poor girl collapsed and shook with sobs."

"George! O George! How could you?" she cried.

"The lover shot one glance toward Mason; then, setting his teeth firmly, spoke in a low voice:

"Miss Mason, please—please don't blame your brother. It—it was I."

"Grace jumped to her feet with an inarticulate cry."

"Yes! I impersonated your brother for the purpose."

"They were quiet for a long moment, Grace staring fixedly into her lover's eyes, while the brother, very, very pale, kept glancing nervously from one to the other. At last the woman spoke, slowly.

"You would better go now. I am glad, after all, that it was not in the blood. I—I—!" Here her voice quivered a bit, but she steadied it and continued: "It would have broken my heart the other way. Now—now I do not know. I loved you—but please—go!"

"The man had begun to tremble before her denunciation, and now he felt strangely ill."

"I will—pay you—some day," he muttered.

"You may settle," said she, very coldly, "with my brother."

"Then she left the room. The self-accused man sank into a chair. The guilty one walked to the window and stood looking out, his fingers incessantly drumming the sill. It was not the brother who spoke first.

"You must go—to-day. You must get her away from here."

"Mason broke down. He wept like a baby."

"God, man!" he cried. "I can't do this. It's too much. I—I must tell her the truth. I can't let you do this for me."

"For you? It's for her—for the sake of the woman I love. For her to know would kill her. She will—forget—me—perhaps."

"After a moment Mason spoke again.

"I'll never gamble after this," he said. "And I'll pay her, in your name when my money comes due. I'll never forget."

The speaker broke off, and lighted a cigar. After a space of quiet one of the others asked:

"And the woman?"

The man smiled.

"The woman," he said, "went away with the brother. Afterward Mason paid the money and dropped the fellow in Shanghai a line to that effect. It seems he inherited some money at 30."

They three sat watching the blue expanse of water, smoking silently. At last:

"And did they ever meet afterward?"

"Once," said the man, "years later. It was on a steamer. She looked him in the eyes when they came face to face, and he saw she did not know the truth."

It was very late. The decks were deserted, save for the three men and the woman behind the funnel. Two of the men went below, leaving the man who had spoken alone to his thoughts. Far ahead a dim light blinked, and he, seeing it, knew that the voyage was nearing its end. Suddenly there was a stir behind him and the woman came from the shelter of the funnel. The man jumped to his feet with a low cry.

"I have heard all," said she, smiling through a mist of tears.

The man turned his eyes away from her.

"I never meant you to know," he said, slowly.

"It would have made things so much happier—if you had," she answered.

"Grace!" he cried, turning to her. The ship steamed on in the tropic night.

**Ostrich Feathers.**

London leads all the other cities of the world in vulgarizing the ostrich feather. Its usage there is almost universal. Until 1870 France had a monopoly of this industry, but England controls the trade to-day. Cape Colony alone exports annually about \$7,000,000 worth of feathers in their crude state, and these, when prepared for sale, represent at least \$30,000,000 in value.

The importations of France have fallen to about \$4,000,000, representing an industrial value of about \$20,000,000. In Paris alone over 4,000 men and women—mostly women—live from this industry.

A fashion which keeps alive such a prosperous industry and important foreign commerce, without speaking of the lucrative employment it furnishes to thousands of Europeans in Africa in the systematic raising of the birds, is likely to maintain its supremacy for yet a very long time to come, notwithstanding its respectable age of over 4,000 years.

**The First Forks.**

The Greeks and Romans, with all their luxury, ate with their fingers. They had large forks for hay and for faking meats from kettles, but they never dreamed of having small ones for table use. These are the only forms of forks known to have been in use before the fifteenth century. Sometimes during that epoch the Italians began to practice, now common to all civilized people among the Western Nations, of eating with forks.—St. Nicholas.

## The Goring Sympathy.

By Douglas Alexander.

The man looked up from the desk and held his busy pen idly in his hands for some moments. Before him was a large sheet of manuscript music, the ink still wet at the place where he had left off.

He was listening now, not writing. From a room adjoining his the strains of a violin could be heard, the notes sounding in a plaintive, low, which penetrated through the wall. But after a few minutes the music ceased, and taking up the pen once more the man proceeded slowly to place certain notes upon the page in front of him.

It was laborious work, yet it was plainly a task that entirely absorbed him, until everything around him was completely shut out and forgotten. Presently with a sigh he put aside the pen and leaned back in his chair, glancing with a keenly critical eye over the page he had been scoring.

The music written there was the music to which he had been listening—the music played by the unknown violinist who dwelt in the next house. And yet there was a marvellous difference between the airs—original work Goring had at once recognized it to be—which had sounded in the afternoon stillness and those same airs captured and held for ever prisoners upon paper. The former had been little snatches of tunes, melodic ghosts, struck off the violin with a careless touch.

But starting up at Edward Goring from the page before him were those same melodies, yet so finished were they and so cleverly elaborated that there was hardly any resemblance in them to their original.

Goring was a musician himself, dependent, indeed, upon his skill at the piano to earn his living in a musical orchestra. But for the last two weeks the latter building had been closed for structural alteration, and in consequence he had temporarily been without employment until it should be reopened.

The music was still sounding in his ears at this very moment as he walked through the crowded streets, and instead of paying proper attention to the direction his steps were taking, he was holding an imaginary discussion with an eminent conductor as to the way in which certain movements of the great work should be played when the sound of people's voices raised in a shout brought him to his senses.

But the warning came too late. He had a confused vision of heavily laden omnibuses and carts bearing down upon him, and, starting back in a vain endeavor to reach the pavement he had just quitted, he was caught by the shaft of a fleet hansom and knocked down, the frightened horse inflicting a severe kick upon his prostrate body.

He felt that he must have passed through centuries of time before he completely regained consciousness. His eyes, blinking once more at a world to which they had been so long indifferent, fell upon walls which they knew to be those of a hospital ward. He rapidly regained his strength, and a week later was able to receive a visitor, a close friend of his, a man who played in the same orchestra as himself.

"I've got glorious news for you," exclaimed Arthur Mills, his pleasant good-humored face smiling down at the invalid. "You'll never guess what I've done for you, old chap. But I'd better tell you straight away. While you've been lying here, lost in the land of concussion of the brain, I have been making your name, and opened the way for you to make your fortune as soon as you are well enough to work once more."

"Three weeks ago the symphony I found on your desk was played for the first time at a Queen's Hall concert and hailed by a critical audience as a work of absolute genius."

Good heavens! This sympathy which his friend had given to the world under Goring's name was partly the work of another man! Goring decided that when he was well again he would put the matter right—would publicly remove the laurels which had been placed upon his own unworthy brow and hand them over to the man to whom by right they belonged.

Yet, even when he had fully recovered, Goring, although his character was not naturally a weak one, struck the unpleasant task of stripping himself of those rewards which he had won from the world with a single composition, part of which was not his own.

He felt it to be a matter of common honesty to proclaim the truth, and yet he temporized, and finally decided that, as an initial step in this direction, he would place an advertisement in the agony column of the daily papers, and thus endeavor to trace the mysterious composer. Such inquiries as he had so far made had been fruitless. But while the advertisement appeared regularly twice a week, no answer came to it, and as each day passed it became increasingly difficult for Goring to stand forward self-branded as a plagiarist.

Six months had gone by, and the symphony had won its reputed composer a wider fame.

At a private concert one night the voice of Fate whispered in Goring's ears, when his hostess introduced him to a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, that here was the one woman whose coming into his life

would change the whole world for him.

Chance threw them several times together during the following weeks, and the warmest friendship sprang up between himself and Alice Severn.

And with his growing love for her the last scruple of his conscience died away. How could he acknowledge his false position, into which in the first instance, he had been betrayed by Arthur Mills's officiousness, and stand to be derided, an object of mockery to the world, while the woman he loved was there to witness such a downfall?

And one day he told her that he cared for her—begged her to be his wife. He was a confident lover, for he believed that his cause would prove successful. But now he was bewildered by the expression on her delicate features—it was cold and hard.

"I cannot marry you," she answered, slowly, yet with evident emotion.

He stared at her dully.

"I—I dared to think that—that you were not quite indifferent to me," he said, the glad, conquering note fading from his voice.

"Listen," she interrupted, quietly, "and I will explain why I can never be your wife. It was my own brother whose brain work you stole and introduced into your own symphony. Now, need I say any more?"

He started. It was the very last thing he had expected. He stood for some little time at a loss for words.

"I should like to hear everything," he said, at last; "to know why he never came forward to lay claim to his work."

"My brother is dead," she replied, a little brokenly. Tears were in the deep brown eyes. "He quarrelled with my father and left home, living in some miserable fashion—denying himself the necessities of life through foolish pride. He sent for me, his only sister, but not until it was too late. I found him dying. But while he still had strength he gathered every remnant of it together, and, played to me upon his violin the music that he had imagined would bring him fame and fortune."

There was silence between them for some moments. Goring felt that to this woman, who had loved the genius that had died before the promise of his gifts could be fulfilled, it would be almost a sacrilege to offer any defense for his own part in the wretched business of the symphony. Yet there was one thing which he could not resist mentioning.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he asked. "Why did you let me get to love you first? Was—was it revenge you sought?"

She shook her head coldly.

"I had never heard your music played until two days ago," she answered. "I had had meant to do so many times, but something had always prevented it until then. I heard the melodies which the world thinks were born in your brain, and I knew then that you had won your place in life, had lifted yourself high in the public gaze, by—unworthy means. The melodies no more belonged to you than the jewels in a Bond Street shop belong to the beggar who looks at them from the pavement. I—I could not believe it at first that you, of all men, could have acted so dishonorably."

The music world received a shock the next day. In the morning papers was a letter from Edward Goring. In it he explained without any attempt at self-justification, the whole facts of the case, and stated that for the future the symphony which bore his name must be attributed to its real composer—Hugh Severn.



## Boston &amp; Maine R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT  
In Effect June 25, 1906

## EASTERN DIVISION

## Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—7.30, 8.15, 9.30, 10.45, 11.55 a. m., 1.48, 3.58, 5.21, 6.00, 6.35, 7.28 p. m.  
Sunday, 3.20, 5.16, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.25, 5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 8.30 a. m.

For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday 8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55, 11.11 a. m., 3.07 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.48, 5.22, 8.50 p. m. Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.09, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 8.09 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sunday, 8.09 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

## Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.09, 1.40, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.09, 7.40, 10.00 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.35, 6.00, 8.00 p. m. Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, 8.00 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, 1.55, 3.52, 6.21, 8.17 p. m. Sunday 5.18, 6.06, 8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.35, 10.43 a. m., 3.21 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.22, 9.47 a. m., 12.58, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 7.09 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.55, 7.31, 8.15, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 1.11, 5.18 p. m. Sunday, 12.20, 4.12 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.55, 8.36, 10.21 a. m., 1.10, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.21, 4.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.21 p. m. Sunday 6.16, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m. Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.55 a. m., 12.01, 2.30, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday 9.21, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

## SOUTHERN DIVISION

## Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following station for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—7.52, 8.39 a. m., 12.19, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 5.20 p. m.

Greenland Village—7.10, 8.29 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m. Sunday, 5.29 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—7.52, 9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m. Sunday 5.42 p. m.

Epping—8.05, 9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.11 p. m. Sunday, 6.08 p. m.

Raymond—8.17, 9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.23 p. m.

Returning leave, Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 2.50, 3.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.25 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 3.20 p. m. Sunday, 8.10 a. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 3.56, 5.02 p. m. Sunday, 8.55 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 p. m., 4.08, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.07 a. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 4.24, 5.55 p. m. Sunday, 9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.  
Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.  
D. J. Flanders, G. P. and T. A.

## Portsmouth Electric Railway

In Effect Sunday, June 24, 1906

## Main Line

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square)

for Lang's Corner (Wallis Sande and North Rye Beach), Cable Road (Jenness Beach), Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and Hampton Beach, connecting for Salisbury Beach, Amesbury, Newburyport, Haverhill and points south and west at 7.05 a. m., 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35 a. m., and half hourly until 9.05 p. m., Saturdays only 9.35 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays only 10.05 p. m., and 11.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 11.05 p. m. For North Hampton at 6.35 a. m. For Rye Beach P. O. only at 6.45 a. m. For Little Boars Head only at 10.05 p. m. Sundays only, 7.35 a. m. for Little Boars Head and North Hampton. The 5.35 a. m., 7.05, 9.05, 9.35, 11.35 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 2.35, 4.05, 6.35, 9.05 p. m. cars make close connections for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., Saturdays only 10.35 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays only 11.05 p. m., Thursdays and Sundays only at 12.05 a. m.

Leave Hampton Beach 20 minutes earlier than above times.

Leave Cable Road 6.10 a. m. Leave Rye Beach P. O. 8.25 a. m. Leave Little Boars Head 10.55 p. m., except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

## Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05. Cars leaving Market Square hourly from 6.35 a. m. to 10.35 p. m. connect for Exeter. Via Middle Street only, 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

## Christian Shore Loop

Via Market Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05 p. m.

Cars via Islington street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 15 minutes later than Market Square.

Cars via Market street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 4 minutes later than Market Square.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Makes no connection beyond Hampton.

Omitted holidays.

Runs to North Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Omitted Sundays.

City Office No. 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone call—233.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass'g. and Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays.

C. P. REES.

Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Trains connect at Rockingham

9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.

Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays.

C. P. REES.

Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Trains connect at Rockingham

9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.

Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays.

C. P. REES.

Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Trains connect at Rockingham

9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.

Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays.

C. P. REES.

Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Trains connect at Rockingham

9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.

Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays.

C. P. REES.

Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

Trains connect at Rockingham

9.37 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 4.38, 6.08 p. m. Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Monday only.

Saturday only.

Via Dover and Western Division for North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Frank B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—5.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00



**THE HERALD.**  
**MINIATURE ALMANAC**  
**AUGUST 1**  
SUN RISES.....4:36; MOON SETS.....10:29 A. M.  
SUN SETS.....7:05; FULL MOON.....10:00 A. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY.....14:29; FIRST QUARTER.....10:30 P. M.  
Full Moon, August 4th, 9h. 52m., morning, W.  
Last Quarter, August 11th, 9h. 48m., evening, E.  
New Moon, August 18th, 10h. 28m., evening, W.  
First Quarter, August 26th, 7h. 42m., evening, W.

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1906.**

**THE TEMPERATURE**  
At two o'clock this afternoon, the temperature at THE HERALD office was eighty-four degrees above zero.

**LOCAL DASHES**

August.  
July is past.  
Farmers' day.  
Seven months of 1906 are history.  
Showers come frequently this Summer.  
There has been no lack of rain this year.  
The price of coal remains the same.  
Reports are favorable for a good year crop.  
The fans will flock to Portsmouth Field next Saturday.  
Green Acre programs this year are unusually interesting.  
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.  
This month will mark the climax of the Summer resort season.  
This is the anniversary of the opening of Regents Canal in 1820.  
Mark down sale of hats at Mrs. B. F. Lombard's, 11 Vaughan street.  
The paper company ought to be well supplied with pulpwood now.  
It was a treat for the veterans to see and hear Gen. Oliver O. Howard.  
Some of the arc street lights have been behaving badly for a few nights.  
We will very likely see the new battleship New Hampshire next year.  
Hampton Beach is entertaining a great many societies and associations this season.  
July has departed with her heat and humidity, but August has more of the same.  
There has been an unusual amount of damage by lightning during the past few weeks.  
The lifesavers will be on hand when the next week occurs on the New Hampshire coast.  
Everything in millinery being sold now, at mark down prices at Mrs. B. F. Lombard's.  
Eastern New Hampshire Pomona Grange met on the college grounds at Durham Tuesday.  
What has become of all these fast carsmen, who were full of racing spirit a few weeks ago?  
That was a thrilling experience of the men of the yacht Sabrina IV at the entrance of Little Harbor.  
Good weather this month will mean the breaking of all records at the seashore and river resorts hereabouts.  
Hats at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$2.00, all marked down to 47 cents at Mrs. B. F. Lombard's.  
The Wentworth House tennis tournament is one of the oldest which claims the notice of American players.  
York Harbor calls the country's attention to the fact that it is still pre-eminently the literary Summer resort.  
The boats built at Portsmouth navy yard have always been famous and the New Hampshire will be well equipped.  
When the red light is displayed calling the police to the station, a crowd is sure to collect in a very few moments.  
Summer was late in coming, but it has been a real old fashioned Summer ever since the first hot wave struck us.  
It is absolutely certain that the officers and men of the Atlantic fleet would find Portsmouth more attractive than Rockport.  
Summer does not officially end until about the twentieth of September, but August is popularly regarded as the last Summer month.  
The Frank Jones Brewing Company earned the gratitude of the baseball cranks when it presented those new uniforms to the Portsmouth team.  
**LOST**—A black silk Eton jacket, with white silk lining, somewhere between Portsmouth and Hampton, Hampton and Exeter, Exeter and Portsmouth, Portsmouth and Elliot, or Elliot and Dover. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

**LOCATION OF POLES**  
**Argued Before Gentlemen Of The City Councils**  
**ATTORNEYS PRESENT TWO SIDES OF A CASE**

A special meeting of the city council was held this (Wednesday) morning to take action regarding the relocation of a pole on State street, between Pleasant and Church streets, by the Rockingham County Light and Power Company.  
Councilmen Whitman and Long were the only members absent.  
Judge Samuel W. Emery appeared for the Rockingham County Light and Power Company and True L. Norris, an abutter, was represented by Page, Bartlett and Guphill.  
Mayor Marvin stated the object of the meeting and the petition from the company was read by Judge Emery.  
This called for a location on the boundary line of the property of F. W. Hartford and True L. Norris.  
Lawyer Bartlett informed the board that they would ask that both poles now located in front of the property between these two streets be removed entirely and the wires stretched from the pole on Pearson's corner to the pole located on the corner near the Unitarian Church.  
The board considered that it would be a good idea to view the location and surroundings before anything further was said on the matter and all concerned left the council chamber and devoted nearly half an hour to an inspection of the conditions on State street.  
On the return to City Hall, Supl. T. T. Whittaker of the company took the floor and told the board that it was not feasible to construct the lines between the points on Pleasant and Church streets. It would be a difficult job and in the end would not be a safe arrangement. He said the company could put poles near the postoffice and then come across the street again to the pole near the Unitarian Church. He was questioned at length by Attorney Bartlett regarding the different lines about the city, the distance between poles, and the cost of construction. Attorney Bartlett then addressed the board for twenty minutes, followed by Judge Emery on behalf of the company.  
The abutters, F. W. Hartford and T. L. Norris, spoke briefly on the matter and the hearing closed for the petitioners at 11.35. The board then went into a committee of the whole and after talking for half an hour came to no decision. Adjournment was then taken until Wednesday evening, August 15, when the matter will be brought up at a special meeting.

**BUSIEST OF THE SEASON**  
Today (Wednesday) Breaks All Railroad Traffic Records  
As usual today (Wednesday), the first day of August was characterized by heavy traffic over all divisions of the Boston and Maine railroad and especially so on trains through this city.  
Nearly every east bound train was from fifteen to thirty minutes late. Extra cars were added along the line and the station platforms were covered with baggage.  
This city being the junction point for York and Rye Beaches and Hotel Wentworth, the station presented a scene of constant rush and activity. During the day nearly 1000 pieces of baggage were handled by the baggage men and the express companies were included in the activity.  
Train No. 21 was preceded by the regular through train, No. 23, which is not scheduled to leave this city until nearly fifteen minutes after the former, the Mountain train.  
Both trains were heavier than on any previous day during the season.

**NEW NAVY YARD ORDERS**  
Forbidding Government Employees to Communicate With the Press  
Orders were posted on Tuesday at the navy yard regarding employees of the departments acting as newspaper correspondents.  
The orders forbid all employees to serve in such capacities and contain a clause to the effect that all government employees must refrain from communicating with the press on matters concerning the departments, other than in an official way.

**PLENTY DOING**  
Long List of Sports Planned for Hibernians' Picnic  
At the Hibernian picnic, to be held

**GOING AWAY TIME!**  
It's Vacation Time—and incidentally—**KODAK TIME.** It's daylight all the way with a **KODAK**—no dark-room bugbear for you to face. Load, unload, develop and print—all in daylight.  
**THE NEW KODAKS ARE HERE**  
All Sizes! \$5.00 to \$35.00 All Models!  
Brownies \$1.00 to \$9.00  
**H. P. Montgomery,**  
6 Pleasant Street,  
**THE KODAK STORE**

on Labor day, those who are interested in sports will no doubt witness a long list if they are at the gathering that day.  
Although the picnic is more than a month away, great interest is apparent among the members of the organization, while people outside the society look for the largest crowd that has attended any event of the kind in this vicinity for years.

**AT THE NAVY YARD**  
The picnic for the yard employees this month promises to be a very lively affair. A committee from the union has matters well under way and everything points to the best outing so far held by the yard employees.

The Marblehead, having finished duty for the state department in assisting in keeping peace in Central America, will proceed north to San Francisco. She is now at Corinto, where she will coal.

The cruiser Baltimore, which sailed on Friday from Sydney, Australia, for Cavite, has been in Australian waters on a mission for the state department in observing the conduct of American consulates in that country.

The cruiser Washington, built by the New York Shipbuilding Company in Camden, N. J., has been formally turned over to the government. Capt. Hyland, of League Island navy yard, gave the ship building firm a receipt for the cruiser and the vessel proceeded to League Island to await official entry into the United States navy.

The Massachusetts Contracting Company is working one of the old lighters in the removal of rock at Henderson's Point since the accident to the dredger. Next week the Eastern Dredging Company will take the digger now at work on the quay wall to Henderson's Point to do the work until repairs are made on the Bothfield which are expected to take at least a month.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company has just finished putting in two handsome booths at the yard, one in the general store and the other at the yards and docks power plant.

It may be impossible to make repairs on the sloop Bothfield at this port and in that case the dredger will be taken to Boston.

In accordance with the rules of the navy regarding the taking on of men at the yard thirty days prior to election, Acting Secretary Newberry has certified that the needs of public service make it necessary to increase at this time the force at the navy yard, Portsmouth, for the prosecution of work on hand and for other purposes.

**POLICE COURT**  
Harry Angel, for drunkenness, was fined \$1.00 and costs of \$5.36 by Judge Simes in police court this (Wednesday) forenoon.  
John Phillips, for the same offense, got a suspended sentence of six months at the county farm and costs of \$6.00.  
William Taylor, who was allowed to go on a suspended sentence on Tuesday, was brought in again on Tuesday evening and today (Wednesday) he went up on a mitimus. He will pass six months at Brentwood.

**TAX COLLECTOR'S BUSY DAY**  
Tuesday was a busy day for Tax Collector Walter H. Page. It was the last day of grace for those who wished to take advantage of the five percent. discount and the tax collector's office was crowded all day. Thousands of dollars were passed through the window.

**BIG SHIPS COLLIDE**  
**The Alabama And The Illinois Come Together**  
**BOTH SUSTAIN MORE OR LESS SERIOUS INJURY**

A collision in the fog between the battleships Illinois and Alabama off Brenton's Reef lightship Monday night resulted in injury to both vessels. The bow of the Alabama scraped the side of the Illinois and several of the forward plates of the Alabama were dented. It is feared that the six-inch guns of both ships were damaged.  
When the collision occurred, Seaman Corbett of the Illinois was standing near a lifeboat, the davits of which fell, and he was severely injured. The rail of the Illinois was smashed and the bow of the Alabama was damaged.  
It was feared the the Illinois might sink, but the discipline on both ships was perfect. The Iowa and Indiana were ready to render assistance, but it was not needed.  
Neither ship, it is believed, was injured below the water line.

**CHAMPION OF TEXAS**  
**Among Wentworth Tennis Players In Newly Begun Tournament**

There is an unusually long list of entries for the Wentworth House tennis tournament this year and it is expected that it will take at least a week to run off the matches. The first round was not completed on Tuesday, it being necessary to postpone two matches until today.  
Among the players entered this year is S. Russ, the champion of Texas.  
The Wednesday afternoon results follow:  
C. G. Plimpton beat W. Kennard, 2-6, 6-3, 6-1.  
C. C. Hackett beat W. P. Hall, 6-1, 6-0.  
C. H. Farber beat J. Abbott, 6-1, 6-1.  
J. F. Bull beat R. James, by default.  
S. Russ beat Allen, 6-0, 6-4.  
E. S. Blagden beat F. C. Plimpton, 6-2, 7-5.  
A. B. Rotch beat J. D. Castle, 7-5, 6-3.  
J. D. Donaghy beat W. B. Blodgett, 6-4, 6-2.  
J. B. McDonald beat McLane by default.

**FELL INTO THE RIVER**  
**But Small Boy Was Promptly Fished Out By Companions**

A small boy, while fishing off the city landing at the foot of Deer street (Wednesday) morning, fell into the river.  
The larger boys of the party pulled him out and he hurried to his home on McDonough street.  
About three times a week this same thing happens at this place and those nearby have become so used to such occurrences that they occasion only passing notice.

**OBSEQUES**

Funeral services over the body of Charles W. Scott were held at two o'clock this (Wednesday) afternoon at his late home in Stratham. Rev. Dr. Edward Robie of Greenland officiated. The body was taken to Newton for interment by Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

The funeral of John B. McCallin was held from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, on Sherburne road this (Wednesday) afternoon at half-past two o'clock. Rev. G. W. Farmer conducted the services, assisted by Rev. J. L. Felt of North Hampton, formerly of this city. Interment was in Newton cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

**LIVELY AT THE CREEK**

The sporting part of the city certainly seems to be The Creek at present. The natives have sidetracked politics for awhile and taken up horse racing, tugs-of-war and the fever promises later to develop into bowling. With fancy poultry on their hands and sports coming fast, the residents of the brewery district are going along some.

**YOUNG MAN WANTED**

To learn drug business at Bass' drug store. Apply in person.

**AT FAY'S BIG STORE**  
**YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.**

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.  
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50  
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices  
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.  
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.  
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.  
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Everything in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

**W. H. FAY,**  
3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

**We Know** we can save you money on a goods in our line.  
**We Know** we carry the best goods obtainable.  
**We Know** of no better way to make money than to save it by buying of us.  
**We Know** if you're not a customer of ours that if you'll only give us a trial you'll continue to buy.

**Our Best Vermont Creamery Butter**  
**25 Cents Lb.**  
**BETTER THAN BOUGHT ELSEWHERE.**

**AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,**  
**35 Congress Street,**  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

**A. O. Caswell, Bottler,**  
12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection

**IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:**  
Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.  
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.  
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portsburger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Half Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.  
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)  
Ales, Lager and Porter by the 1/4 keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.  
**PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.**

**76° Gasoline**  
**IN ANY QUANTITY.**

**A. P. Wendell & Co.**  
**2 Market Street.**

**THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR**  
**At L. D. Britton's Express Office.**  
**TELEPHONE 58-2.**

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woolsens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place.  
22 Daniel St L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth

**They Capture All Good Smokers**  
**Dowd's Honest 10 Cigar.**